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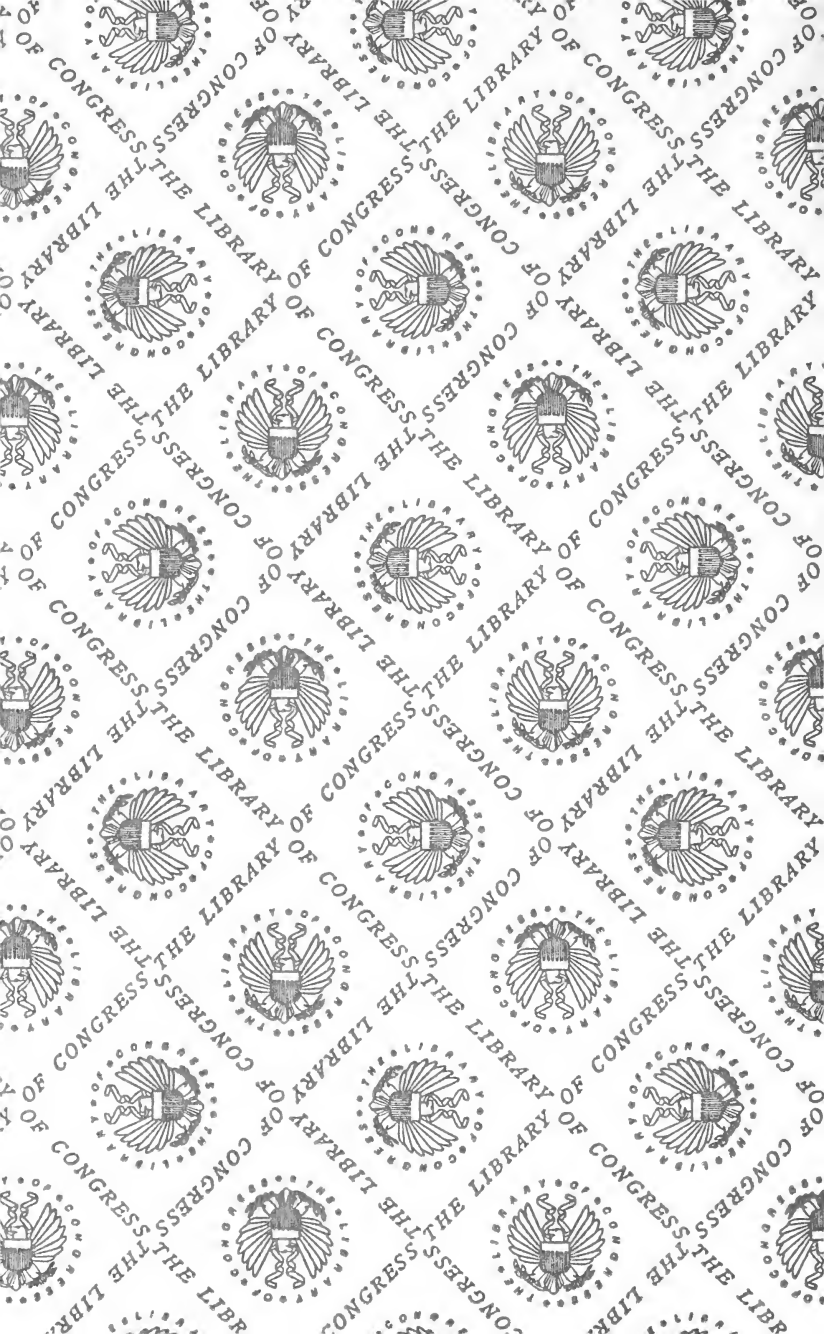
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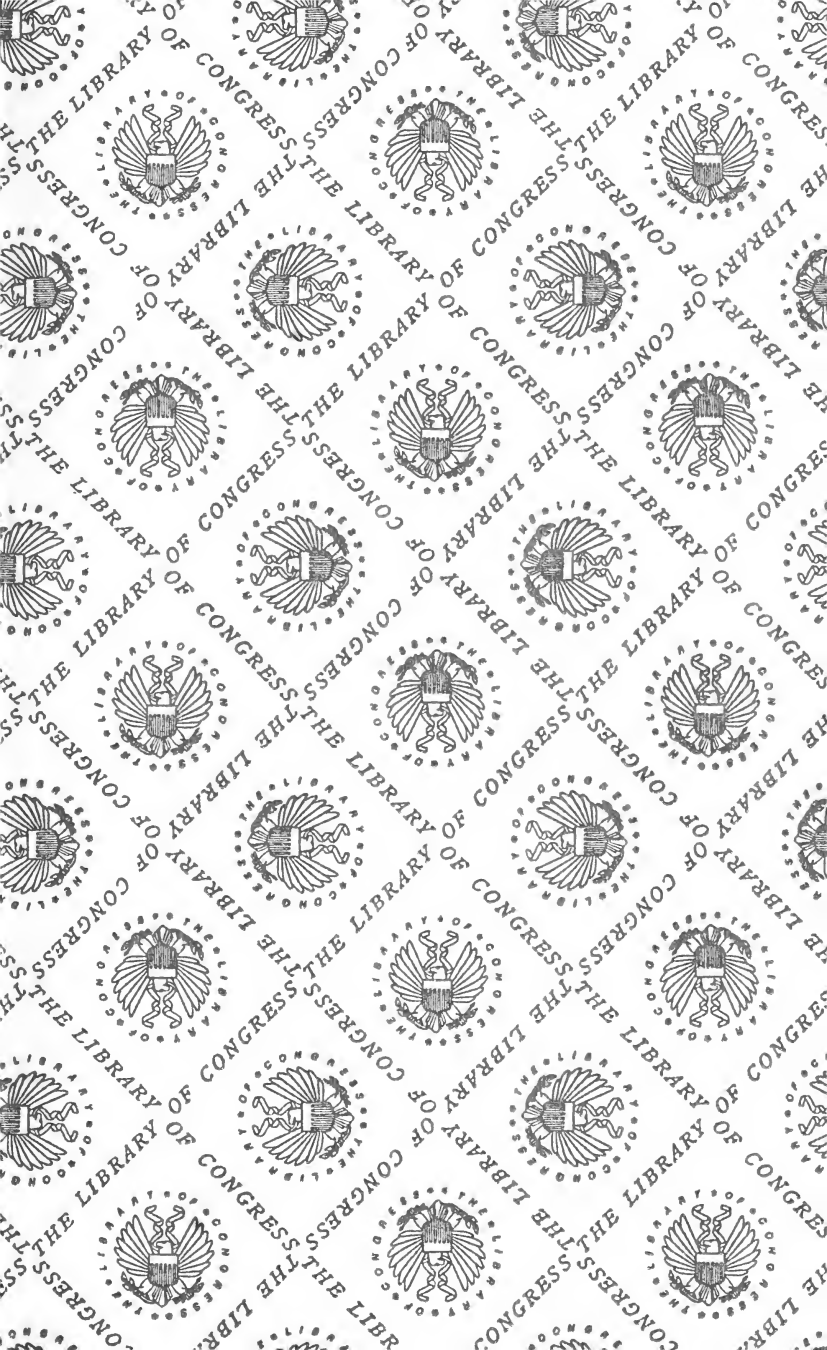
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John Boyle O'Reilly.

IN BOHEMIA :

BY

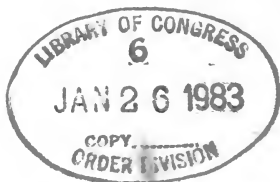
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

BOSTON:

THE PILOT PUBLISHING CO.

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To

My Four Little Daughters.



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IN BOHEMIA.



IN BOHEMIA.

SONGS THAT ARE NOT SUNG.

Do not praise : a smile is payment more than meet
for what is done ;

Who shall paint the mote's glad raiment floating in
the molten sun ?

Nay, nor smile : for blind is eyesight, ears may hear
not, lips are dumb ;

From the silence, from the twilight, wordless but
complete they come.

Songs were born before the singer : like white souls
awaiting birth,

They abide the chosen bringer of their melody to
earth.

Deep the pain of our demerit : strings so rude or
rudely strung,

Dull to every pleading spirit seeking speech but
sent unsung ;

Round our hearts with gentle breathing still the
plaintive silence plays,
But we brush away its wreathing, filled with cares
of common days.

Ever thinking of the morrow, burdened down with
needs and creeds,

Once or twice, mayhap, in sorrow, we may hear the
song that pleads ;

Once or twice, a dreaming poet sees the beauty as it
flies,

But his vision who shall know it, who shall read it
from his eyes?

Voiceless he, — his necromancy fails to cage the
wondrous bird ;

Lure and snare are vain when fancy flies like echo
from a word.

Only sometime he may sing it, using speech as
'twere a bell,

Not to read the song but ring it, like the sea-tone
from a shell.

Sometimes, too, it comes and lingers round the
strings all still and mute,

Till some lover's trembling fingers draw it living
from the lute.

Still, our best is but a vision which a lightning-flash
illumes,
Just a gleam of life elysian flung across the voiceless
glooms.

Why should gleams perplex and move us? Must
the soul still upward grow
To the beauty far above us and the songs no sense
may know?

A LOST FRIEND.

My friend he was ; my friend from all the rest ;
With childlike faith he oped to me his breast ;
No door was locked on altar, grave or grief ;
No weakness veiled, concealed no disbelief ;
The hope, the sorrow and the wrong were bare,
And ah, the shadow only showed the fair.

I gave him love for love ; but, deep within,
I magnified each frailty into sin ;
Each hill-topped foible in the sunset glowed,
Obscuring vales where rivered virtues flowed.
Reproof became reproach, till common grew
The captious word at every fault I knew.
He smiled upon the censorship, and bore
With patient love the touch that wounded sore ;
Until at length, so had my blindness grown,
He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

Alone, of all men, I who knew him best,
Refused the gold, to take the dross for test !

Cold strangers honored for the worth they saw ;
His friend forgot the diamond in the flaw.

At last it came — the day he stood apart,
When from my eyes he proudly veiled his heart ;
When carping judgment and uncertain word
A stern resentment in his bosom stirred ;
When in his face I read what I had been,
And with his vision saw what he had seen.

Too late ! too late ! Oh, could he then have known,
When his love died, that mine had perfect grown ;
That when the veil was drawn, abased, chastised,
The censor stood, the lost one truly prized.

Too late we learn — a man must hold his friend
Unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end.

IN BOHEMIA.

I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land ;
For only there are the values true,
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The prizes of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness or force or by deeds undone ;
But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.
Here, pilgrims stream with-a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time,
Aspiring only to be enrolled
With the names that are writ in the book of gold ;
And each one bears in mind or hand
A palm of the dear Bohemian land.
The scholar first, with his book — a youth
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth ;
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,
A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay ;
A smith with a marvellous hilt and sword,
A player, a king, a ploughman, a lord —
And the player is king when the door is past.
The ploughman is crowned, and the lord is last !

I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land ;
There are no titles inherited there,
No hoard or hope for the brainless heir ;
No gilded dullard native born
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn :
Bohemia has none but adopted sons ;
Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs ;
Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.
To the empty heart in a jeweled breast
There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest ;
But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know
The moistureless froth of the social show ;
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest ;
The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ ;
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,
When a friend in need is a friend in want ;
Where the only aim is to keep afloat,
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.
Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart and the
grasp of a friendly hand,
And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land.

A TRAGEDY.

A soft-breasted bird from the sea
Fell in love with the light-house flame ;
And it wheeled round the tower on its airiest wing,
And floated and cried like a lovelorn thing ;
It brooded all day and it fluttered all night,
But could win no look from the steadfast light.

For the flame had its heart afar, —
Afar with the ships at sea ;
It was thinking of children and waiting wives,
And darkness and danger to sailors' lives ;
But the bird had its tender bosom pressed
On the glass where at last it dashed its breast.
The light only flickered, the brighter to glow ;
But the bird lay dead on the rocks below.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.*

What shall we mourn? For the prostrate tree that
sheltered the young green wood?

For the fallen cliff that fronted the sea, and guarded
the fields from the flood?

For the eagle that died in the tempest, afar from its
eyrie's brood?

Nay, not for these shall we weep; for the silver cord
must be worn,

And the golden fillet shrink back at last, and the
dust to its earth return;

And tears are never for those who die with their face
to the duty done;

But we mourn for the fledglings left on the waste,
and the fields where the wild waves run.

From the midst of the flock he defended, the brave
one has gone to his rest;

And the tears of the poor he befriended their wealth
of affliction attest.

* Died Saturday, Feb. 2, 1884.

From the midst of the people is stricken a symbol
they daily saw,
Set over against the law books, of a Higher than
Human Law ;
For his life was a ceaseless protest, and his voice
was a prophet's cry
To be true to the Truth and faithful, though the
world were arrayed for the Lie.

From the hearing of those who hated, a threatening
voice has past ;
But the lives of those who believe and die are not
blown like a leaf on the blast.
A sower of infinite seed was he, a woodman that
hewed toward the light,
Who dared to be traitor to Union when Union was
traitor to Right !

“Fanatic !” the insects hissed, till he taught them
to understand
That the highest crime may be written in the high-
est law of the land.
“Disturber” and “Dreamer” the Philistines cried
when he preached an ideal creed,

Till they learned that the men who have changed the
world with the world have disagreed ;
That the remnant is right, when the masses are led
like sheep to the pen ;
For the instinct of equity slumbers till roused by
instinctive men.

It is not enough to win rights from a king and write
them down in a book.

New men, new lights ; and the fathers' code the sons
may never brook.

What is liberty now were license then : their freedom
our yoke would be ;

And each new decade must have new men to deter-
mine its liberty.

Mankind is a marching army, with a broadening front
the while :

Shall it crowd its bulk on the farm-paths, or clear
to the outward file ?

Its pioneers are the dreamers who fear neither tongue
nor pen

Of the human spiders whose silk is wove from the
lives of toiling men.

Come, brothers, here to the burial ! But weep not,
rather rejoice,
For his fearless life and his fearless death ; for his
true, unequalled voice,
Like a silver trumpet sounding the note of human
right ;
For his brave heart always ready to enter the weak
one's fight ;
For his soul unmoved by the mob's wild shout or
the social sneer's disgrace ;
For his freeborn spirit that drew no line between
class or creed or race.

Come, workers ; here was a teacher, and the lesson
he taught was good :
There are no classes or races, but one human brother-
hood ;
There are no creeds to be outlawed, no colors of skin
debarred ;
Mankind is one in its rights and wrongs — one right,
one hope, one guard.
By his life he taught, by his death we learn the
great reformer's creed :

The right to be free, and the hope to be just, and
the guard against selfish greed.

And richest of all are the unseen wreaths on his
coffin-lid laid down

By the toil-stained hands of workmen — their sob,
their kiss, and their crown.

THE KING'S EVIL.

They brought them up from their huts in the fens,
The woful sufferers gaunt and grim ;
They flocked from the city's noisome dens
To the Monarch's throne to be touched by him.
“For his touch,” they whisper, “is sovereign balm,
The anointed King has a power to heal.”
Oh, the piteous prayers as the royal palm
Is laid on their necks while they humbly kneel !

Blind hope ! But the cruel and cold deceit
A rich reward to the palace brings ;
A snare for the untaught People's feet,
And a courtier's lie for the good of Kings.
But the years are sands, and they slip away
Till the baseless wall in the sun lies bare ;
The touch of the King has no balm to-day,
And the Right Divine is the People's share.

The word remains : but the Evil now
Is caused, not cured, by imperial hands, —
The lightless soul and the narrow brow,
The servile millions in arméd bands ;
The sweat-wrung gold from the peasant's toil
Flung merrily out by the gambling lord,
Who is reckless owner of serf and soil,
And master of church and law and sword.

But the night has receded : the dawn like a tide
Creeps slow round the world, till the feet of the
throne
Are lapped by the waves that shall seethe and ride
Where the titles are gulfed and the shields over-
blown.

Our Kings are the same as the Kings of old,
But a Man stands up where there crouched a clown ;
The Evil shall die when his hand grows bold,
And the touch of the People is laid on the Crown !

A WHITE ROSE.

The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love ;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips ;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

THE WORD AND THE DEED.

The Word was first, says the revelation :

Justice is older than error or strife ;

The Word preceded the Incarnation

As symbol and type of law and life.

And always so are the mighty changes :

The Word must be sown in the heart like seed ;

Men's hands must tend it, their lives defend it,

Till it burst into flower as a deathless Deed.

The primal truth neither dies nor slumbers,

But lives as the test of the common right,

That the laws proclaimed by the sworded numbers

May stand arraigned in the people's sight.

The Word is great, and no Deed is greater,

When both are of God, to follow or lead ;

But, alas, for the truth when the Word comes later,

With questioned steps, to sustain the Deed.

Not the noblest acts can be true solutions ;
The soul must be sated before the eye,
Else the passionate glory of revolutions
Shall pass like the flames that flash and die.
But forever the gain when the heart's convictions,
Rooted in nature the masses lead ;
The cries of rebellion are benedictions
When the Word has flowered in a perfect Deed.

A BUILDER'S LESSON.

“How shall I a habit break?”
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose ;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist ;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by ;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the centre's downward sweep ;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste
Levelling what we raised in haste ;
Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won !
First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last !

THE PRICELESS THINGS.

Those are vulgar things we pay for, be they stones
for crowns of kings ;
While the precious and the peerless are unpriced
symbolic things.

Common debts are scored and cancelled, weighed
and measured out for gold ;
But the debts from men to ages, their account is
never told.

Always see, the noblest nations keep their highest
prize unknown ;
Chæroneia's deathless lion frowned above unlettered
stone.

Ah, the Greeks knew ! Come their victors honored
from the sacred games,
Under arches red with roses, flushed to hear their
shouted names ;

See their native cities take them, breach the wall to
make a gate !

What supreme reward is theirs who bring such
honors to their state ?

In the forum stand they proudly, take their prizes
from the priest :

Little wreaths of pine and parsley on their naked
temples pressed !

We in later days are lower ? When a manful stroke
is made,

We must raise a purse to pay it — making manliness
a trade.

Sacrifice itself grows venal — surely Midas will sub-
scribe ;

And the shallow souls are gratified when worth
accepts the bribe.

But e'en here, amidst the markets, there are things
they dare not prize ;

Dollars hide their sordid faces when they meet
anointed eyes.

Lovers do not speak with jewels—flowers alone can
plead for them ;
And one fragrant memory cherished is far dearer
than a gem.

Statesmen steer the nation safely ; artists pass the
burning test ;
And their country pays them proudly with a ribbon
at the breast.

When the soldier saves the battle, wraps the flag
around his heart,
Who shall desecrate his honor with the values of
the mart ?

From his guns of bronze we hew a piece, and carve
it as a cross ;
For the gain he gave was priceless, as unpriced
would be the loss.

When the poet sings the love-song, or the song of
life and death,
Till the workers cease their toiling with abated
wondering breath ;

When he gilds the mill and mine, inspires the slave
to rise and dare ;

Lights with love the cheerless garret, bids the tyrant
to beware ;

When he steals the pang from poverty with mean-
ings new and clear,

Reconciling pain and peace, and bringing blissful
visions near ; —

His reward? Nor cross nor ribbon, but all others
high above ;

They have won their glittering symbols — he has
earned the people's love !

A DEAD MAN.

The Trapper died — our hero — and we grieved ;
In every heart in camp the sorrow stirred.
“His soul was red !” the Indian cried, bereaved ;
“A white man, he !” the grim old Yankee’s word.

So, brief and strong, each mourner gave his best —
How kind he was, how brave, how keen to track ;
And as we laid him by the pines to rest,
A negro spoke, with tears : “His heart was black !”

SILENCE, NOT DEATH.

I start ! I have slept for a moment ;
I have dreamt, sitting here by her chair —
Oh, how lonely ! What was it that touched me ?
What presence, what heaven-sent air ?

It was nothing, you say. But I tremble ;
I heard her, I knew she was near —
Felt her breath, felt her cheek on my forehead —
Awake or asleep, she was here !

It was nothing—a dream ? Strike that harp-string ;
Again — still again — till it cries
In its uttermost treble — still strike it —
Ha ? vibrant but silent ! It dies —

It dies, just as she died. Go, listen —
That highest vibration is dumb.
Your sense, friend, too soon finds a limit
And answer, when mysteries come.

Truth speaks in the senseless, the spirit ;
But here in this palpable part
We sound the low notes, but are silent
To music sublimed in the heart.

Too few and too gross our dull senses,
And clogged with the mire of the road,
Till we loathe their coarse bondage ; as seabirds
Encaged on a cliff, look abroad

On the ocean and limitless heaven,
Alight with the beautiful stars,
And hear what they say, not the creakings
That rise from our sensual bars.

O life, let me dream, let her presence
Be near me, her fragrance, her breath ;
Let me sleep, if in slumber the seeking ;
Sleep on, if the finding be death.

THE UNHAPPY ONE.

“He is false to the heart!” she said, stern-lipped;
“he is all untruth;
He promises fair as a tree in blossom, and then
The fruit is rotten ere ripe. Tears, prayers and
youth,
All withered and wasted! and still—I love this
falsest of men!”

Comfort? There is no comfort when the soul sees
pain like a sun:
It is better to stare at the blinding truth: if it blind,
one woe is done.
We cling to a coward hope, when hope has the seed
of the pain:
If we tear out the roots of the grief, it will never
torment again.
Ay, even if part of our life is lost, and the deep-
laid nerves

That carry all joy to the heart are wounded or killed
by the knife ;
When a gangrene sinks to the bone, it is only half-
death that serves ;
And a life with a cureless pain is only half a life.

But why unhealed must the spirit endure? There
are drugs for the body's dole ;
Have we wholly lived for the lower life? Is there
never a balm for the soul ?
O Night, cry out for the healer of woe, for the
priest-physician cry,
With the pouring oil for the bleeding grief, for the
life that may not die !

“He is false to the heart !” she moaned ; “and I
love him and cannot hate !”
Then bitterly, fiercely — “What have I done, my
God, for such a fate ?”

“Poor heart !” said the Teacher ; “for thee and thy
sorrow the daily parables speak.
Thy grief, that is dark, illumines for me a sign that
was dim and weak.

In the heart of my garden I planted a tree — I had
chosen the noblest shoot :

It was sheltered and tended, and hope reached out
for the future's precious fruit.

The years of its youth flew past, and I looked on a
spreading tree

All gloried with maiden blossoms, that smiled their
promise to me.

I lingered to gaze on their color and shape — I knew
I had chosen well ;

And I smiled at the death that was promise of life
as the beautiful petals fell.

But the joy was chilled, though the lip laughed on,
by the withered proof to the eye :

The blossoms had shielded no tender bud, but
cradled a barren lie.

Before me it lay, the mystery — the asking, the
promise, the stone ;

The tree that should give good fruit was bare — the
cause unseen, unknown !

But I said : Next year it shall burgeon, my part
shall be faithfully done ;

My love shall be doubled — I trust my tree for its
beautiful strength alone.

But tenderness failed, and loving care, and the chalice
of faith was dried

When the next Spring blossoms had spoken their
promise — smiled at the sun and lied ;

The heart of the petals was withered to dust. Then,
for duty, I trusted again ;

For who should stand if God were to frown on the
twice-told failures of men ?

Unloving I tended, with care increased, but never a
song or smile ;

For duty is love that is dead but is kept from the
grave for a while.

The third year came, with the sweet young leaves,
and I could not fear or doubt ;

But the petals smiled at the sun and lied, — and the
curse in my blood leaped out !

“This corpse,” I cried, “that has cumbered the
earth, let it hence to the waste be torn !”

That moment of wrath beheld its death — while to
me was a life-truth born :

The straight young trunk at my feet lay prone ;
and I bent to scan the core,

And there read the pitiful secret the noble sapling
bore.

Through the heart of the pith, in its softest youth,
it had bored its secret way,
A gnawing worm, a hideous grief, — and the life it
had tortured lay
Accursed and lost for the cruel devil that nestled its
breast within.
Ah, me, poor heart ! had I known in time, I had cut
out the clinging sin,
And saved the life that was all as good and as noble
as it seemed !”

He ceased, and she rose, the unresigned, as one who
had slept and dreamed ;
Her face was radiant with insight : “It is true ! it is
true !” she said ;
“And my love shall not die, like your beautiful tree,
till the hidden pain is dead !”

ENSIGN EPPS, THE COLOR-BEARER.

Ensign Epps, at the battle of Flanders,
Sowed a seed of glory and duty
That flowers and flames in height and beauty
Like a crimson lily with heart of gold,
To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old
And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer, —
No matter on which side, Philip or Earl;
Their cause was the shell — his deed was the pearl.
Scarce more than a lad, he had been a sharer
That day in the wildest work of the field.
He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost;
His comrades were slain, or a scattered host.
But stainless and scatheless, out of the strife,
He had carried his colors safer than life.
By the river's brink, without weapon or shield,
He faced the victors. The thick-heart mist

He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed
Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,
As proudly as if the fight were won,
And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,
Cut the silk from the gilded staff,
Which he poised like a spear till the charge was
 made,
And hurled at the leader with a laugh.
Then round his breast, like the scarf of his love,
He tied the colors his heart above,
And plunged in his armor into the tide,
And there, in his dress of honor, died.

Where are the lessons your kinglings teach?
And what is text of your proud commanders?
Out of the centuries, heroes reach
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story,
Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,
Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

GRANT — 1885.

Blessed are Pain, the smiter,
And Sorrow, the uniter !
For one afflicted lies —
A symbol of sacrifice —
And all our rancor dies !

No North, no South ! O stern-faced Chief,
One weeping ours, one cowléd Grief —
Thy Country — bowed in prayer and tear —
For North and South — above thy bier !

For North and South ! O Soldier grim,
The broken ones to weep for him
Who broke them ! He whose terrors blazed
In smoking harvests, cities razed ;
Whose Fate-like glance sent fear and chill ;
Whose wordless lips spake deathless will —
Till all was shattered, all was lost —

All hands dropped down — all War's red cost
Laid there in ashes — Hope and Hate
And Shame and Glory !

Death and Fate
Fall back ! Another touch is thine ;
He drank not of thy poisoned wine,
Nor blindly met thy blind-thrown lance,
Nor died for sightless time or chance —
But waited, suffered, bowed and tried,
Till all the dross was purified ;
Till every well of hate was dried ;
And North and South in sorrow vied,
And then — at God's own calling — died !

July 23, 1885.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men ;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away ;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie ;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,
I would go where the children play ;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure ;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skilful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds !
The daughter's heart grown wilful,
And the father's heart that bleeds !

No, no ! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadows' kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway ;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

IRELAND — 1882.

“Island of Destiny! Innisfail!” they cried when
their weary eyes
First looked on thy beauteous bosom from the
amorous ocean rise.

“Island of Destiny! Innisfail!” we cry, dear land,
to thee,
As the sun of thy future rises and reddens the west-
ern sea!

Pregnant as earth with its gold and gems and its
metals strong and fine,
Is thy soul with its ardors and fancies and sympathies
divine.

Mustard seed of the nations! they scattered thy
leaves to the air,
But the ravisher pales at the harvest that flourishes
everywhere.

Queen in the right of thy courage ! manacled, scourged,
defamed,
Thy voice in the teeth of the bayonets the right of a
race proclaimed.

“Bah !” they sneered from their battlements, “her
people cannot unite ;
They are sands of the sea, that break before the rush
of our ordered might !”

And wherever the flag of the pirate flew, the Eng-
lish slur was heard,
And the shallow of soul re-echoed the boast of the
taunting word.

But we — O sun, that of old was our god, we look
in thy face to-day,
As our Druids who prayed in the ancient time, and
with them we proudly say :

“We have wronged no race, we have robbed no land,
we have never oppressed the weak !”
And this in the face of Heaven is the nobler thing
to speak.

We can never unite — thank God for that ! in such
unity as yours,
That strangles the rights of others, and only itself
endures

As the guard of a bloodstained spoil and the red-
eyed watch of the slave ;
No need for such robber-union to a race free-souled
and brave.

The races that band for plunder are the mud of the
human stream,
The base and the coward and sordid, without an
unselfish gleam.

It is mud that unites ; but the sand is free — ay,
every grain is free,
And the freedom of individual men is the highest of
liberty.

It is mud that coheres ; but the sand is free, till the
lightning smite the shore,
And smelt the grains to a crystal mass, to return to
sand no more.

And so with the grains of our Irish sand, that flash
clear-eyed to the sun,
Till a noble Purpose smites them and melts them
into one.

While the sands are free, O Tyrants ! like the wind
are your steel and speech ;
Your brute-force crushes a legion, but a soul it can
never reach.

Island of Destiny ! Innisfail ! for thy faith is the
payment near :
The mine of the future is opened, and the golden
veins appear.

Thy hands are white and thy page unstained. Reach
out for the glorious years,
And take them from God as His recompense for thy
fortitude and tears.

Thou canst stand by the way ascending, as thy
tyrant goes to the base :
The seeds of her death are in her and the signs in
her cruel face.

On her darkened path lie the corpses of men, with
whose blood her feet are red ;
And the curses of ruined nations are a cloud above
her head.

O Erin, fresh in the latest day, like a gem from a
Syrian tomb,
The burial clay of the centuries has saved thy light
in the gloom.

Thy hands may stretch to a kindred world : there is
none that hates but one ;
And she but hates as a pretext for the rapine she
has done.

The night of thy grief is closing, and the sky in the
East is red :
Thy children watch from the mountain-tops for the
sun to kiss thy head.

O Mother of men that are fit to be free, for their
test for freedom borne,
Thy vacant place in the Nations' race awaits but the
coming morn !

THE DEAD SINGER.

“She is dead !” they say ; “she is robed for the
grave ; there are lilies upon her breast ;
Her mother has kissed her clay-cold lips, and folded
her hands to rest ;
Her blue eyes show through the waxen lids : they
have hidden her hair’s gold crown ;
Her grave is dug, and its heap of earth is waiting to
press her down.”

“She is dead !” they say to the people, her people,
for whom she sung ;
Whose hearts she touched with sorrow and love,
like a harp with life-chords strung.
And the people hear — but behind their tear they
smile as though they heard
Another voice, like a Mystery, proclaim another
word.

“She is not dead,” it says to their hearts ; “true
Singers can never die ;
Their life is a voice of higher things unseen to the
common eye ;
The truths and the beauties are clear to them, God’s
right and the human wrong,
The heroes who die unknown, and the weak who
are chained and scourged by the strong.”
And the people smile at the death-word, for the
mystic voice is clear :
“THE SINGER WHO LIVED IS ALWAYS ALIVE : WE
HEARKEN AND ALWAYS HEAR !”

And they raise her body with tender hands, and
bear her down to the main,
They lay her in state on the mourning ship, like the
lily-maid Elaine ;
And they sail to her isle across the sea, where the
people wait on the shore
To lift her in silence with heads all bare to her home
forevermore,
Her home in the heart of her country ; oh, a grave
among our own
Is warmer and dearer than living on in the stranger
lands alone.

No need of a tomb for the Singer ! Her fair hair's
pillow now
Is the sacred clay of her country, and the sky above
her brow
Is the same that smiled and wept on her youth, and
the grass around is deep
With the clinging leaves of the shamrock that cover
her peaceful sleep.

Undreaming there she will rest and wait, in the tomb
her people make,
Till she hears men's hearts, like the seeds in Spring,
all stirring to be awake,
Till she feels the moving of souls that strain till the
bands around them break ;
And then, I think, her dead lips will smile and her
eyes be oped to see,
When the cry goes out to the Nations that the
Singer's land is free !

ERIN.

“Come, sing a new song to her here while we
listen !”

They cry to her sons who sing ;
And one sings : “*Mavourneen*, it makes the eyes
glisten -

To think how the sorrows cling,
Like the clouds on your mountains, wreathing
Their green to a weeping gray !”
And the bard with his passionate breathing
Has no other sweet word to say.

“Come sing a new song !” and their eyes, while
they’re speaking,
Are dreaming of far-off things ;
And their hearts are away for the old words
seeking,
Unheeding of him who sings.

But he smiles and sings on, for the sound so
 slender
 Has reached the deep note he knows ;
And the heart-poem stirred by the word so tender
 Out from the well-spring flows.

And he says in his song : “ *O dhar dheelish!* the
 tearful !
 She’s ready to laugh when she cries ! ”
And they sob when they hear : “ Sure she’s sad
 when she’s cheerful ;
 And she smiles with the tears in her eyes ! ”

And he asks them : What need of new poets to praise
 her ?
 Her harpers still sing in the past ;
And her first sweet old melodies comfort and raise
 her
 To joys never reached by her last.

What need of new hero, with Brian ? or preacher,
 With Patrick ? or soldier, with Conn ?
With her dark Ollamh Fohla, what need of a teacher,
 Sage, ruler, and builder in one ?

What need of new lovers, with Deirdre and Imer?
With wonders and visions and elves
Sure no need at all has romancer or rhymers,
When the fairies belong to ourselves.

What need of new tongues? O, the Gaelic is clear-
est,
Like Nature's own voice every word;
“*Ahagur! Acushla! Savourneen!*” the dearest
The ear of a girl ever heard.

They may talk of new causes! *Dhar Dhia!* our old
one
Is fresher than ever to-day;
Like Erin's green sod that is steaming to God
The blood it has drunk in the fray.

They have scattered her seed, with her blood and
hate in it,
And the harvest has come to her here;
Her crown still remains for the strong heart to
win it,
And the hour of acceptance is near.

Through ages of warfare and famine and prison

Her voice and her spirit were free :

But the longest night ends, and her name has
uprisen :

The Sunburst is red on the sea !

What need of new songs? When his country is
singing,

What word has the Poet to say,

But to drink her a toast while the joy-bells are
ringing

The dawn of her opening day?

“O Bride of the Sea! may the world know your
laughter

As well as it knows your tears !

As your past was for Freedom, so be your hereafter ;

And through all your coming years

May no weak race be wronged, and no strong robber
feared ;

To oppressors grow hateful, to slaves more endeared ;

Till the world comes to know that the test of a
cause

Is the hatred of tyrants, and Erin's applause !”

POET AND LORD.

God makes a poet : touches soul and sight,
And lips and heart, and sends him forth to sing ;
His fellows hearing, own the true birthright,
And crown him daily with the love they bring.

The king a lord makes, by a parchment leaf ;
Though heart be withered, and though sight be
dim
With dullard brain and soul of disbelief—
Ay, even so ; he makes a lord of him.

What, then, of one divinely kissed and sent
To fill the people with ideal words,
Who with his poet's crown is discontent,
And begs a parchment title with the lords ?

A YEAR.

In the Spring we see :

Then the buds are dear to us—immature bosoms
like lilies swell.

In the Summer we live :

When bright eyes are near to us, oh, the sweet
stories the false lips tell !

In the Autumn we love :

When the honey is dripping, deep eyes moisten and
soft breasts heave ;

In the Winter we think :

With the sands fast slipping, we smile and sigh for
the days we leave.

AN OLD VAGABOND.

He was old and alone, and he sat on a stone to rest
for awhile from the road ;

His beard was white, and his eye was bright, and his
wrinkles overflowed

With a mild content at the way life went ; and I
closed the book on my knee :

“I will venture a look in this living book,” I
thought, as he greeted me.

And I said : “My friend, have you time to spend to
tell me what makes you glad ?”

“Oh, ay, my lad,” with a smile ; “I’m glad that I’m
old, yet am never sad !”

“But why ?” said I ; and his merry eye made an-
swer as much as his tongue ;

“Because,” said he, “I am poor and free who was
rich and a slave when young.

There is naught but age can allay the rage of the
passions that rule men's lives ;

And a man to be free must a poor man be, for un-
happy is he who thrives :

He fears for his ventures, his rents and debentures,
his crops, and his son, and his wife ;

His dignity's slighted when he's not invited ; he
fears every day of his life.

But the man who is poor, and by age has grown
sure that there are no surprises in years,

Who knows that to have is no joy, nor to save, and
who opens his eyes and his ears

To the world as it is, and the part of it his, and
who says : They are happy, these birds,

Yet they live day by day in improvident way — im-
provident ? What were the words

Of the Teacher who taught that the field-lilies
brought the lesson of life to a man ?

Can we better the thing that is schoolless, or sing
more of love than the nightingale can ?

See that rabbit — what feature in that pretty creat-
ure needs science or culture or care ?

Send this dog to a college and stuff him with
knowledge, will it add to the warmth of
his hair ?

Why should mankind, apart, turn from Nature to
Art, and declare the exchange better-planned?
I prefer to trust God for my living than plod for my
bread at a master's hand.

A man's higher being is knowing and seeing, not
having and toiling for more ;

In the senses and soul is the joy of control, not in
pride or luxurious store.

Yet my needs are the same as the kingling's whose
name is a terror to thousands : some bread,
Some water and milk,—I can do without silk,—
some wool, and a roof for my head.

What more is possest that will stand the grim test
of death's verdict? What riches remain

To give joy at the last, all the vanities past?—Ay,
ay, that's the word—they are vain

And vexatious of spirit to all who inherit belief in
the world and its ways.

And so, old and alone, sitting here on a stone, I
smile with the birds at the days."

And I thanked him, and went to my study, head
bent, where I laid down my book on its shelf;
And that day all the page that I read was my age,
and my wants, and my joys, and myself.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Her hair was a waving bronze, and her eyes
Deep wells that might cover a brooding soul ;
And who, till he weighed it, could ever surmise
That her heart was a cinder instead of a coal !

YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.

Joys have three stages, Hoping, Having, and
Had :

The hands of Hope are empty, and the heart of
Having is sad ;

For the joy we take, in the taking dies ; and the joy
we Had is its ghost.

Now, which is the better—the joy unknown or
the joy we have clasped and lost ?

YES?

The words of the lips are double or single,

True or false, as we say or sing :

But the words of the eyes that mix and mingle

Are always saying the same old thing !

A PASSAGE.

The world was made when a man was born ;
He must taste for himself the forbidden springs,
He can never take warning from old-fashioned
things ;
He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth,
He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the
truth
Of the friend of his soul, he must laugh to scorn
The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes
That are clear as the wells of Paradise.
And so he goes on, till the world grows old,
Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has
grown cold,
Till the smile leaves his mouth, and the ring leaves
his laugh,
And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to
quaff ;

He grows formal with men, and with women polite,
And distrustful of both when they're out of his
sight ;

Then he eats for his palate, and drinks for his head,
And loves for his pleasure, — and 'tis time he was
dead !

DISTANCE.

The world is large, when its weary leagues two loving hearts divide ;

But the world is small, when your enemy is loose on the other side.

THE CITY STREETS.

A City of Palaces ! Yes, that's true : a city of
palaces built for trade ;
Look down this street — what a splendid view of
the temples where fabulous gains are made.
Just glance at the wealth of a single pile, the marble
pillars, the miles of glass,
The carving and cornice in gaudy style, the massive
show of the polished brass ;
And think of the acres of inner floors, where the
wealth of the world is spread for sale ;
Why, the treasures enclosed by those ponderous
doors are richer than ever a fairy tale.
Pass on to the next, it is still the same, another
Aladdin the scene repeats ;
The silks are unrolled and the jewels flame for
leagues and leagues of the city streets !

Now turn away from the teeming town, and pass to
the homes of the merchant kings,

Wide squares where the stately porches frown,
where the flowers are bright and the fountain sings ;

Look up at the lights in that brilliant room, with its
chandelier of a hundred flames !

See the carpeted street where the ladies come whose
husbands have millions or famous names ;

For whom are the jewels and silks, behold : on
those exquisite bosoms and throats they
burn ;

Art challenges Nature in color and gold and the
gracious presence of every turn.

So the Winters fly past in a joyous rout, and the
Summers bring marvellous cool retreats ;

These are civilized wonders we're finding out as we
walk through the beautiful city streets.

A City of Palaces ! — Hush ! not quite : a city
where palaces are, is best ;

No need to speak of what's out of sight : let us take
what is pleasant, and leave the rest :

The men of the city who travel and write, whose
fame and credit are known abroad,
The people who move in the ranks polite, the
cultured women whom all applaud.
It is true, there are only ten thousand here, but the
other half million are vulgar clod ;
And a soul well-bred is eternally dear—it counts so
much more on the books of God.
The others have use in their place, no doubt ; but
why speak of a class one never meets ?
They are gloomy things to be talked about, those
common lives of the city streets.

Well, then, if you will, let us look at both : let us
weigh the pleasure against the pain,
The gentleman's smile with the bar-room oath, the
luminous square with the tenement lane.
Look round you now ; 'tis another sphere, of thin-
clad women and grimy men ;
There are over ten thousand huddled here, where a
hundred would live of our upper ten.
Take care of that child : here, look at her face, a
baby who carries a baby brother ;
They are early helpers in this poor place, and the
infant must often nurse the mother.

Come up those stairs where the little ones went : five
 flights they groped and climbed in the dark ;
There are dozens of homes on the steep ascent, and
 homes that are filled with children — hark !
Did you hear that laugh, with its manly tones, and
 the joyous ring of the baby voice ?
'Tis the father who gathers his little ones, the nurse
 and her brother, and all rejoice.
Yes, human nature is much the same when you
 come to the heart and count its beats ;
The workman is proud of his home's dear name as
 the richest man on the city streets.

God pity them all ! God pity the worst ! for the
 worst are reckless, and need it most :
When we trace the causes why lives are curst with
 the criminal taint, let no man boast :
The race is not run with an equal chance : the poor
 man's son carries double weight ;
Who have not, are tempted ; inheritance is a blight
 or a blessing of man's estate.
No matter that poor men sometimes sweep the prize
 from the sons of the millionaire :
What is good to win must be good to keep, else the
 virtue dies on the topmost stair ;

When the winners can keep their golden prize, still
darker the day of the laboring poor :

The strong and the selfish are sure to rise, while
the simple and generous die obscure.

And these are the virtues and social gifts by which
Progress and Property rank over Man !

Look there, O woe ! where a lost soul drifts on the
stream where such virtues overran :

Stand close — let her pass ! from a tenement room
and a reeking workshop graduate :

If a man were to break the iron loom or the press
she tended, he knows his fate ;

But her life may be broken, she stands alone, her
poverty stings, and her guideless feet,

Not long since kissed as a father's own, are dragged
in the mire of the pitiless street.

Come back to the light, for my brain goes wrong
when I see the sorrows that can't be cured.

If this is all righteous, then why prolong the pain
for a thing that must be endured ?

We can never have palaces built without slaves, nor
luxuries served without ill-paid toil ;

Society flourishes only on graves, the moral graves
in the lowly soil.

The earth was not made for its people : that cry has
been hounded down as a social crime ;
The meaning of life is to barter and buy ; and the
strongest and shrewdest are masters of time.
God made the million to serve the few, and their
questions of right are vain conceits ;
To have one sweet home that is safe and true, ten
garrets must reek in the darkened streets.

'Tis Civilization, so they say, and it cannot be
changed for the weakness of men.
Take care ! take care ! 'tis a desperate way to goad
the wolf to the end of his den.
Take heed of your Civilization, ye, on your pyra-
mids built of quivering hearts ;
There are stages, like Paris in '93, where the com-
monest men play most terrible parts.
Your statutes may crush but they cannot kill the
patient sense of a natural right ;
It may slowly move, but the People's will, like the
ocean o'er Holland, is always in sight.
“It is not our fault !” say the rich ones. No ; 'tis
the fault of a system old and strong ;
But men are the makers of systems : so, the cure
will come if we own the wrong.

It will come in peace if the man-right lead ; it will
sweep in storm if it be denied :

The law to bring justice is always decreed ; and on
every hand are the warnings cried.

Take heed of your Progress ! Its feet have trod on
the souls it slew with its own pollutions ;

Submission is good ; but the order of God may
flame the torch of the revolutions !

Beware with your Classes ! Men are men, and a cry
in the night is a fearful teacher ;

When it reaches the hearts of the masses, then they
need but a sword for a judge and preacher.

Take heed, for your Juggernaut pushes hard : God
holds the doom that its day completes ;

It will dawn like a fire when the track is barred by
a barricade in the city streets.

THE THREE QUEENS.*

In the far time of Earth's sweet maiden beauty,
When Morning hung with rapture on her breast ;
When every sentient life paid love for duty,
And every law was Nature's own behest ;
When reason ruled as subtle instinct taught her ;
When joys were pure and sin and shame unseen ;
Then God sent down His messenger and daughter,
His kiss upon her lips, to reign as Queen !

Her name was LIBERTY ! Earth lay before her,
And throbbed unconscious fealty and truth ;
Morning and night men hastened to adore her,
And from her eyes Peace drew perennial youth.
Her hair was golden as the stars of heaven ;
Her face was radiant with the kiss of Jove ;
Her form was lovelier than the sun at even ;
Death paled before her : Life was one with Love.

* Read at the annual meeting of Phi Beta Kappa, Dartmouth College, 1882.

O time traditioned ! ere thy dismal sequel,

Men owned the world, and every man was free ;
The lowest life was noble ; all were equal

In needs and creeds, — their birthright Liberty.
Possession had no power of caste, nor learning ;

He was not great who owned a shining stone ;
No seer was needed for the truth's discerning,

Nor king nor code to teach the world its own.
Distinction lived, but gave no power o'er others,

As flowers have no dominion each o'er each ;
What men could do they did among their brothers
By skill of hand or gift of song or speech.

Dear Golden Age ! that like a deathless spirit

Fills our traditions with a light sublime ;
Like wheat from Egypt's tombs our souls inherit
Sweet dreams of freedom from thy vanished time.

O Goddess Liberty ! thy sun was cleaving

Its golden path across a perfect sky,
When lo ! a cloud, from night below upheaving,
And underneath a shadow and a cry !

In lurid darkness spread the thing of error,
Swift ran the shudder and the fear beneath ;
Till o'er the Queen's face passed the voiceless terror,
And Love grew pale to see the joy of Death.

Men stood benumbed to wait unknown disaster ;
Full soon its sworded Messenger was seen ;
“*Behold!*” he cried, “*the weak shall have a master!*
The Strong shall rule! There reigns another
Queen!”

Then rushed the forces of the night-born Power,
And seized white Liberty, and cast her down ;
Man's plundered birthright was the new Queen's
dower,
The sorrow of the weak ones was her crown.

Her name was LAW ! She sent her proclamation
Through every land and set her crimson seal
On every strangled right and revocation
Of aim and instinct of the commonweal.
She saw the true Queen prisoned by her creatures ;
Who dared to speak, was slain by her command.
Her face was lustreless. With smileless features
She took the throne — a weapon in her hand !

Her new code read : “The earth is for the able ;”
 (And able meant the selfish, strong, and shrewd ;)
“Equality and freedom are a fable ;
 To take and keep the largest share is good.”
Her teachers taught the justice of oppression,
 That taxed the poor on all but air and sun ;
Her preachers preached the gospel of possession,
 That hoards had rights while human souls had
 none.

Then all things changed their object and relation ;
 Commerce instead of Nature — Progress instead
 of Men ;
The world became a monstrous corporation,
 Where ninety serfs ground luxury for ten.
The masters blessed, the toilers cursed the system
 That classified and kept mankind apart ;
But passing ages rained the dust of custom
 Where broken Nature showed the weld of art.

But there were some who scorned to make alliance,
 Who owned the true Queen even in the dust ;
And these, through generations, flung defiance
 From gaol and gibbet for their sacred trust.

Then came the Christ, the Saviour and the Brother,
With truth and freedom once again the seed ;
“Woe to the rich ! Do ye to one another
As each desires for self” — man’s primal creed.
But, lo ! they took the Saviour and they bound
him,
And set him in their midst as he were free ;
They made His tied hands seal their deeds around
Him,
And His dumb lips condemn fair Liberty !

“Then woe !” cried those faint-hearted ; “woe for
dreaming,
For prayers and hopes and sufferings all in
vain !”

O Souls despondent at the outward seeming,
Here at the cry, behold the light again !
Here at the cry, the answer and solution :
When strong as Death the cold usurper reigns,
When human right seems doomed to dissolution,
And Hope itself is wrung with mortal pains ;
When Christ is harnessed to the landlord’s burden ;
His truth to make men free a thing of scorn ;
God hears the cry, and sends the mystic guerdon,—
Earth thrills and throes —another Queen is born !

O weak she comes, a child and not a woman ;
 Needing our nursing and devotion long ;
But in her eyes the flame divine and human,
 To strengthen weak ones and restrain the strong.

Her name is LEARNING ! Her domain unbounded ;
 Of all the fetters she commands the key ;
Through her babe-mouth man's wrong shall be
 confounded,
 And link by link her sister Queen set free.
Her hand shall hold the patriotic passes,
 And check the wrong that zeal would do for
 right ;
Her whispered secrets shall inflame the masses
 To read their planet-charter by her light.
Round her to-day may press the base Queen's
 minions,
 Seeking alliance and approval. Nay !
The day and night shall mingle their dominions
 Ere Nature's rule and Mammon's join their sway.

Our new Queen comes a nursling, thus to teach us
 The patience and the tenderness we need :
To raise our natures that the light may reach us
 Of sacrifice and silence for a creed.

A nursling yet, — but every school and college
Is training minds to tend the heavenly maid ;
And men are learning, grain by grain, the knowl-
edge

That worlds exist for higher ends than trade.
Grander than Vulcan's are these mighty forges
Where souls are shaped and sharpened like fiery
swords,

To arm the multitude till Might disgorges,
And save the Saviour from the selfish hordes.

Around us here we count those Pharos stations,

Where men are bred to do their Queen's behest :
To guard the deep republican foundations
Of our majestic freedom of the West !

From our high place the broken view grows clearer,
The bloodstained upward path the patriots trod ;
Shall we not reach to bring the toilers nearer
The law of Nature, Liberty, and God ?

MIDNIGHT — SEPTEMBER 19, 1881.*

Once in a lifetime, we may see the veil
Tremble and lift, that hides symbolic things ;
The Spirit's vision, when the senses fail,
Sweeps the weird meaning that the outlook
brings.

Deep in the midst of turmoil, it may be —
A crowded street, a forum, or a field, —
The soul inverts the telescope to see
To-day's event in future's years revealed.

Back from the present, let us look at Rome :
Behold, what Cato meant, what Brutus said.
Hark ! the Athenians welcome Cimon home !
How clear they are those glimpses of the dead !

* Death of President Garfield

But we, hard toilers, we who plan and weave
Through common days the web of common life,
What word, alas ! shall teach us to receive
The mystic meaning of our peace and strife ?

Whence comes our symbol ? Surely, God must
speak —

No less than He can make us heed or pause :
Self-seekers we, too busy or too weak
To search beyond our daily lives and laws.

From things occult our earth-turned eyes rebel ;
No sound of Destiny can reach our ears ;
We have no time for dreaming——Hark ! a knell—
A knell at midnight ! All the nation hears !

A second grievous throb ! The dreamers wake—
The merchant's soul forgets his goods and ships ;
The weary workmen from their slumbers break ;
The women raise their eyes with quivering lips ;

The miner rests upon his pick to hear ;
The printer's type stops midway from the case ;
The solemn sound has reached the roysterer's ear,
And brought the shame and sorrow to his face.

Again it booms ! O Mystic Veil, upraise !
— Behold, 'tis lifted ? On the darkness drawn,
A picture lined with light ! The people's gaze,
From sea to sea, beholds it till the dawn !

A death-bed scene — a sinking sufferer lies,
Their chosen ruler, crowned with love and pride ;
Around, his counsellors, with streaming eyes ;
His wife, heart-broken, kneeling by his side :

Death's shadow holds her — it will pass too soon ;
She weeps in silence — bitterest of tears ;
He wanders softly — Nature's kindest boon ;
And as he murmurs, all the country hears :

For him the pain is past, the struggle ends ;
His cares and honors fade — his younger life
In peaceful Mentor comes, with dear old friends ;
His mother's arms take home his dear young wife.

He stands among the students, tall and strong,
And teaches truths republican and grand ;
He moves — ah, pitiful — he sweeps along
O'er fields of carnage leading his command !

He speaks to crowded faces — round him surge
Thousands and millions of excited men :
He hears them cheer—sees some vast light emerge—
Is borne as on a tempest — then —— ah, then,

The fancies fade, the fever's work is past ;
A deepened pang, then recollection's thrill ;
He feels the faithful lips that kiss their last,
His heart beats once in answer, and is still !

The curtain falls : but hushed, as if afraid,
The people wait, tear-stained, with heaving
breast ;
'Twill rise again, they know, when he is laid
With Freedom, in the Capitol, at rest.

AMERICA.*

Nor War nor Peace, forever, old and young,
But Strength my theme, whose song is yet un-
sung,

The People's Strength, the deep alluring dream
Of truths that seethe below the truths that seem.

The buried ruins of dead empires seek,
Of Indian, Syrian, Persian, Roman, Greek :
From shattered capital and frieze upraise
The stately structures of their golden days :
Their laws occult, their priests and prophets ask,
Their altars search, their oracles unmask,
Their parable from birth to burial see,
The acorn germ, the growth, the dense-leaved
tree,

(Read before the Army of the Potomac, in Detroit, 1881.)

A world of riant life ; the sudden day
When like a new strange glory, shone decay,
A golden glow amid the green ; the change
From branch to branch at life's receding range,
Till nothing stands of towering strength and
 pride
Save naked trunk and arms whose veins are
 dried ;
And these, too, crumble till no signs remain
To mark its place upon the wind-swept plain.

Why died the empires? Like the forest trees
Did Nature doom them? or did slow disease
Assail their roots and poison all their springs?

The old-time story answers : nobles, kings,
Have made and been the State, their names
 alone
Its history holds ; its wealth, its wars, their
 own.
Their wanton will could raise, enrich, condemn ;
The toiling millions lived and died for them.
Their fortunes rose in conquest fell, in guilt ;
The people never owned them, never built.

Those olden times ! how many words are spent
In weak regret and shallow argument
To prove them wiser, happier than our own !
The oldest moment that the world has known
Is passing now. Those vaunted times were
 young ;
Their wisdom from unlettered peasants sprung ;
Their laws from nobles arrogant and rude ;
Their justice force, their whole achievement
 crude.

With men the old are wise : why change the rule
When nations speak, and send the old to school ?
Respect the past for all the good it knew :
Give noble lives and struggling truths their due ;
But ask what freedom knew the common men
Who served and bled and won the victories then ?
The leaders are immortal, but the hordes
They led to death were simply human swords,
Unknowing what they fought for, why they fell.

What change has come ? Imperial Europe tell !
Death's warders cry from twenty centuries' peaks :
Plataea's field the word to Plevna speaks ;

The martial draft still wastes the peasants'
farms —

A dozen kings,—five million men in arms ;
The earth mapped out estate-like, hedged with
steel ;

In neighboring schools the children bred to feel
Unnatural hate, disjoined in speech and creed ;
The forges roaring for the armies' need ;
The cities builded by the people lined
With scowling forts and roadways undermined ;
At every bastioned frontier, every State,
Suspicion, sworded, standing by the gate !

But turn our eyes from these oppressive lands :
Behold, one country all defenceless stands,
One nation-continent, from East to West,
With riches heaped upon her bounteous breast ;
Her mines, her marts, her skill of hand and
brain,
That bring Aladdin's dreams to light again !

Where sleep the conquerors? Here is chance for
spoil :

Such unwatched fields, such endless, priceless toil !

Vain dream of olden time ! The robber strength
That swept its will is overmatched at length.

Here, not with swords but smiles the people
greet

The foreign spy in harbor, granary, street ;
Here towns unguarded lie, for here alone
Nor caste, nor king, nor privilege is known.
For home our farmer ploughs, our miner delves,
A land of toilers, toiling for themselves ;
A land of cities, which no fortress shields,
Whose open streets reach out to fertile fields ;
Whose roads are shaken by no armies' tread ;
Whose only camps are cities of the dead !
Go stand at Arlington the graves among :
No ramparts, cannons there, no banners hung,
No threat above the Capitol, no blare
To warn the senators the guns are there.

But never yet was city fortified
Like that sad height above Potomac's tide ;
There never yet was eloquence in speech
Like those ten thousand stones, a name on each ;
No guards e'er pressed such claims on court or
king
As these Prætorians to our Senate bring ;

The Army of Potomac never lay
So full of strength as in its camp to-day !

On fatal Chæronea's field the Greeks
A lion raised — a sombre tomb that speaks
No word, no name, — an emblem of the pride
Of those that ruled the insect host that died.

But by her soldiers' graves Columbia proves
How fast toward morn the night of manhood
moves.

Those low white lines at Gettysburg remain
The sacred record of her humblest slain,
Whose children's children in their time shall
come

To view with pride their hero-father's tomb,
While down the ages runs the patriot line,
Till rich tradition makes each tomb a shrine.

Our standing army these, with spectre glaives ;
Our fortified towns their battle-ordered graves.
Here sleep our valiant, sown like dragon's teeth ;
Here new-born sons renew the pious wreath ;

Here proud Columbia bends with tear-stirred
mouth,
To kiss their blood-seal, binding North and South,
Two clasping hands upon the knot they tied
When Union lived and Human Slavery died !

Who doubt our strength, or measure it with those
Whose armed millions wait for coming foes,
They judge by royal standards, that depend
On hireling hands to threaten or defend,
That keep their war-dogs chained in time of peace,
And dread a foe scarce less than their release.
Who hunt wild beasts with cheetahs, fiercely
tame,
Must watch their hounds as well as fear their
game.

Around our veterans hung no dread nor doubt
When twice a million men were mustered out.
As scattered seed in new-ploughed land, or flakes
Of Spring-time snow descend in smiling lakes,
Our war-born soldiers sank into the sea
Of peaceful life and fruitful energy.
No sign remained of that vast army, save
In field and street new workmen, bronzed and
grave ;

Some whistling teamsters still in army vest ;
Some quiet citizens with medalled breast.

So died the hatred of our brother feud ;
The conflict o'er the triumph was subdued.
What victor King e'er spared the conquered foe ?
How much of mercy did strong Prussia show
When anguished Paris at her feet lay prone ?
The German trumpet rang above her moan,
The clink of Uhlan spurs her temples knew,
Her Arch of Triumph spanned their triumph, too.

Not thus, O South ! when thy proud head was
 low,
Thy passionate heart laid open to the foe —
Not thus, Virginia, did thy victors meet
At Appomattox him who bore defeat :
No brutal show abased thine honored State :
Grant turned from Richmond at the very gate !

O Land magnanimous, republican !
The last for Nationhood, the first for Man !
Because thy lines by Freedom's hand were laid
Profound the sin to change or retrograde.

From base to cresting let thy work be new ;
'Twas not by aping foreign ways it grew.
To struggling peoples give at least applause ;
Let equities not precedent subtend your laws ;
Like rays from that great Eye the altars show,
That fall triangular, free states should grow,
The soul above, the brain and hand below.
Believe that strength lies not in steel nor stone ;
That perils wait the land whose heavy throne,
Though ringed by swords and rich with titled
 show,
Is based on fettered misery below ;
That nations grow where every class unites
For common interests and common rights ;
Where no caste barrier stays the poor man's son,
Till step by step the topmost height is won ;
Where every hand subscribes to every rule,
And free as air are voice and vote and school !
A Nation's years are centuries. Let Art
Portray thy first, and Liberty will start
From every field in Europe at the sight.
“Why stand these thrones between us and the
 light?”
Strong men will ask : “Who built these frontier
 towers
To bar out men of kindred blood with ours?”

O, this thy work, Republic ! this thy health,
To prove man's birthright to a commonwealth ;
To teach the peoples to be strong and wise,
Till armies, nations, nobles, royalties,
Are laid at rest with all their fears and hates ;
Till Europe's thirteen Monarchies are States,
Without a barrier and without a throne,
Of one grand Federation like our own !





THE
STATUES IN THE BLOCK,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

“Mr. O'Reilly excels in dramatic poetry. When he has an heroic story to tell, he tells it with ardor and vigor; he appreciates all its nobleness of soul, as well as its romantic and picturesque situations; and his ‘Song for the Soldiers,’ and ‘The Mutiny of the Chains,’ in his last volume, show with what power he can portray the daring and heroism that have stirred his own heart. He writes with ease and freedom, but his poems of love and of discontent are not superior to those of other well-known English poets. His best work in this way are ‘Her Refrain,’ a sweet, tender poem, true to life; and ‘Waiting,’ that is far more impassioned. The cynical verses and epigrams scattered through the book are piquant, and enhance its sweetness, as bitter almonds do the richness of confectionery. There is another side still to Mr. O'Reilly's poetry, and it would be easy to represent him as chiefly religious, earnest and tender. His poems abound in passages like the following from ‘Living’:—

“‘Who waits and sympathizes with the pettiest life,
And loves all things, and reaches up to God
With thanks and blessing—he alone is living.’

“And ‘From the Earth a Cry,’ this line:—

“‘God purifies slowly by peace, and urgently by fire.

“From ‘The Statues in the Block’:—

“‘And I know
That when God gives to us the clearest sight,
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but Sorrow.’”

From the New York World.

"Nobody can look over Mr. O'Reilly's poems without being convinced that they are poems; that is to say, that the writer has really something to say, and something which could not be said so well and so completely in prose. Those who are in the habit of looking over current volumes of verse will recognize that this is very much to say of them. Mr. O'Reilly's verses are, indeed, quite out of the common. There is not one of the poems in this thin volume that is not a genuine poem in the sense that it records a genuine and poetical impression. His talent is essentially, we should say almost exclusively, dramatic, as strictly dramatic as Browning's. The most successful of these poems are those which are professedly dramatic rather than those which are contemplative. This excellence in dramatic verse is national. From Thomas Davis down, the Irish lyrists, who are worthy of classification at all in poetry, excel in representation of rapid action and of the emotion which is connected with rapid action; and this is what we call dramatic excellence. Mr. O'Reilly's chief successes are in such poems as 'A Song for the Soldiers,' and 'The Mutiny of the Chains,' in the present volume."

Newark (N. J.) Morning Register.

"Roberts Brothers, Boston, have just published 'The Statues in the Block, and Other Poems,' by John Boyle O'Reilly. The poem that gives the book its title is the story of four persons looking at a block of marble and seeing an ideal in it. One, her he loved, his jewel, and the jewel of the world. Another, her upon whom he lavished coin — he drank the wine she filled and made her eat the dregs, and drenched her honey with a sea of gall; he, however, was but one who swooned with love beside her. The third was suffering "Motherland," and, as may be supposed, the author's pen waxes strong at picturing the sorrow, because —

"No love but thine can satisfy the heart,
For love of thee holds in it hate of wrong,
And shapes the hope that moulds humanity."

"The fourth sees in the block his lost child, and the pen softens as he sees —

"The little hands still crossed — a child in death;
My link with love — my dying gift from her
Whose last look smiled on both when I was left
A loveless man, save this poor gift, alone.

I see my darling in the marble now —
My wasted leaf — her kind eyes smiling fondly,
And through her eyes I see the love beyond,
The binding light that moves not; and I know
That when God gives to us the clearest sight,
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but Sorrow."

"Here and there through the collection are little unnamed wavelets, of which these four lines are a good example:—

"You gave me the key of your heart, my love;
Then why do you make me knock?
'O, that was yesterday, saints above!
And last night—I changed the lock!'"

Dr. Shelton M'Kenzie in the Philadelphia Evening News.

"Good poetry, which constitutes a considerable portion of literature, has been rather scarce of late. The odds and ends of verse which get into the magazines are generally aimless and crude. The poet sits down to write what he has thought, but the poetaster takes pen in hand to think what he shall think. There is a world of difference between the results—that is, between true poesy and merely mechanical verse.

The poem which leads off, covering only thirteen pages, is the longest in the volume, and is full of deep-thoughted expression; but it is probable that 'Muley Malek, the King,' a lay of chivalry, will have more numerous admirers. There is also 'From the Earth a Cry,' reviewing the leading events of the decade which closed in 1870. The heart-poems here are highly impressive in their truth. Here and there, on casual fly-leaves, we find curt truths; thus:—

"Life is a certainty,
Death is a doubt;
Men may be dead
While they're walking about.
Love is as needful
In being as breath;
Loving is dreaming,
And waking is death.'

"Here is another leaflet; an epigram if you please to call it so:—

"You gave me the key of your heart, my love,
Then why do you make me knock?
'O, that was yesterday, saints above!
And last night—I changed the lock!'"

"Apropos of the season, which holds back its beauty and bloom, here is a bit of truth:—

"O, the rare spring flowers! take them as they come;
Do not wait for summer buds, they may never bloom;
Every sweet to-day sends, we are wise to save;
Roses bloom for pulling, the path is to the grave.'

"In conclusion, we earnestly hope that Mr. Boyle O'Reilly, who writes so well, will challenge our attention, our admiration, far more frequently than he yet has done."

From the New York Herald.

"Mr. O'Reilly has treated with a beautiful purpose the theme of four men, each imagining the statue that may be carved from a block of marble. Love is the first, Revenge the second, Suffering Motherland the third, and Sorrow the last. All these are strongly, nay, passionately drawn, with that inner relation to actual experience in the narrator, which so intensifies the interest. The first is a lovely woman:—

" 'O Love! still living, memory and hope,
Beyond all sweets, thy bosom, breath and lips —
My jewel and the jewel of the world.'

"The second, a faithless woman, cowering above the form of her newly-slain paramour:—

" 'O balm and torture! he must hate who loves,
And bleed who strikes to seek thy face, Revenge.'

"The third a chained woman — Mother and Motherland:—

" 'O star
That lightens desolation, o'er her beam,
. . . Till the dawn is red
Of that white noon when men shall call her Queen.'

"The fourth is the figure of a dead child:—

" 'I know
That when God gives to us the clearest sight
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but Sorrow.'

"In 'Muley Malek, the King,' Mr. O'Reilly bursts over the bounds of metre; but in the swing of his utterance there is a certain forceful rhythm, indicating an earnest endeavor to preserve some of the characteristics of song. In 'From the Earth a Cry,' however, all reserve is thrown off, and he launches formlessly forth. Walt Whitman chopped up Carlylesque sentences into lines at hazard, but rapidly debased the model. Mr. O'Reilly takes a high strident key, and follows Whitman's most ambitious endeavors. It is an eloquent invective, and its fitfulness and spasmodics have a certain relation to its grievous story of human oppression. It is as formless and as forcible as the onrushing mob it invokes. All that is, is wrong; what need of nice measuring of feet? It is not the measured tramp of an army that can be expected where the undisciplined millions rise to bear down drilled thousands.

" 'O Christ! and O Christ! In thy name the law!
In thy mouth the mandate! In Thy loving hands the whip!
They have taken Thee down from Thy cross and sent Thee to scourge the
people;
They have shod Thy feet with spikes, and jointed Thy dead knees with iron,
And pushed Thee, hiding behind, to trample the poor dumb faces.'

"Oppression has its leagues and its triumphs, but

" 'Never, while steel is cheap and sharp, shall thy kinglings sleep without
dreaming.' "

From the Buffalo Union.

"The strength, tenderness, and exceeding power and aptness of expression conspicuous in a former volume—('Songs, Legends, and Ballads')—are all here, intensified. The poet goes beyond the limits of any one land or nationhood. He sings here for all time and for every nation. His inspiration is *Humanity*, wherever it agonizes under tyrannical bonds or struggles to break them. 'From the Earth a Cry,' is a very epitome of the history of the manifold uprisings, all the world over, of the weak against the strong during the decade just ended—the voice of the oppressed clamoring to Heaven for vengeance—an arraignment of the

" 'Landlords and Lawlords and Tradelords,'

before the bar of justice, and in face of the terrible growth of

" 'Communists, Socialists, Nihilists, Rent-rebels, Strikers'—

from the seed themselves have sown.

"We wish we could speak in detail of some of the other poems, with their rugged but splendid versification, in which the poet has taken

" 'No heed of the words, nor . . .
the style of the story,'

but

" 'Let it burst out from the heart, like a spring from the womb of the mountain;'

or of that majestic opening poem. 'The Statues in the Block,' through which this true note rings:—

" 'When God gives to us the clearest sight,
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but Sorrow.'

"We strike on a vein of keen but kindly sarcasm at the expense of poor human nature here and there through the collection, especially in a few of those gem-like stanzas that prelude the different sections. But the poet has a sweet voice for tender themes; and there are some exquisite lyrics here, too, like fragrant, delicate flowers, blooming in the clefts of the massive rock. Such, notably, are 'Her Refrain,' 'Waiting,' 'Jaquemynots' and 'The Temple of Friendship.' The book is inscribed 'To the Memory of Eliza Boyle; My Mother.' "

From the Boston Journal.

"The little volume containing 'The Statues in the Block, and Other Poems,' by John Boyle O'Reilly, will commend itself to those for whom fresh and spirited verse has charms. The pieces, which number about

twenty, are of two very different styles; the one graceful in form, and conveying some light fancy or suggestion, and the other careless as to form, usually barren of rhyme, and irregular with the pulses of stern and passionate emotion. Of the former type are 'Jacqueminots,' 'Her Refrain,' and 'The Temple of Friendship'; of the latter, 'From the Earth a Cry,' 'A Song for the Soldiers, and 'The Mutiny of the Chains.' The first poem mentioned in the latter group, and indeed some others belonging to the same group, have a Walt Whitmanish turn to them which, we are free to confess, we do not like. Take, for example, such lines as these:—

" 'Lightning! the air is split, the crater bursts, and the breathing
Of those below is the fume and fire of hatred.
The thrones are stayed with the courage of shotted guns. The warning
dies,
But queens are dragged to the block, and the knife of the guillotine sinks
In the garbage of pampered flesh that gluts its bed and its hinges.'

"The story of the mutiny in the final poem is finely told, as is also the story of the defence of the Cheyennes, in the poem preceding it. Mr. O'Reilly is at his best when his blood is hot and his indignation roused by the thought of human wrongs; and some of his pieces, written under this inspiration, have a ring like anvil strokes, and stir the blood of the reader as by the sound of trumpets."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN SEAS."

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

New York Arcadian.

"Like the smell of new-mown hay, or the first breath of spring, or an unexpected kiss from well-loved lips, or any other sweet, fresh, wholesome, natural delight, is to the professional reviewer the first perusal of genuine poetry by a new writer. Not for a long time have we experienced so fresh and joyous a surprise, so perfect a literary treat, as has been given us by these fresh and glowing songs by this young and hitherto utterly unknown poet. There is something so thoroughly new and natural and lifelike, something so buoyant and wholesome and true, so much original power and boldness of touch in these songs, that we feel at once that we are in the presence of a new power in poetry. This work alone places its author head and shoulder above the rank and file of contemporary versifiers. . . . The closing passages of 'Uncle Ned's' second tale, are in the highest degree dramatic, — thrilling the reader like the bugle-note that sounds the cry to arms. Finally, several of the poems are animated by a spirit so affectionate and pure, that we feel constrained to love their writer, offering, as they do in this respect, so marked and pleasant a contrast with too much of the so-called poetry of these modern times."

Baltimore Bulletin.

"Mr. O'Reilly is a true poet — no one can read his stirring measures and his picturesque descriptive passages without at once recognizing the true singer, and experiencing the contagion of his spirit. He soars loftily and grandly, and his song peals forth with a rare roundness and mellowness of tone that cheers and inspirits the hearer. His subjects belong to the open air, to new fields or untrod wilds, and they are full of healthy freshness, and the vigor of sturdy, redundant life. We hail Mr. O'Reilly with pleasure, and we demand for him the cordial recognition he deserves."

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"We may safely say that we lay these poems down with a feeling of delight that there has come among us a true poet, who can enchant by the vivid fire of his pictures without having recourse to a trick of words, or the re-dressing and re-torturing of old forgotten ideas. These poems, for the most part, are fresh and lifelike as the lyrics which led our forefathers to deeds of glory. With scarce a line of mawkish sentiment, there is the deep heart-feeling of a true poet. His descriptions bear the impress of truth and the realism of personal acquaintance with the incidents described. There is the flow of Scott in his narrative power, and the fire of Macaulay in his trumpet-toned tales of war. We are much mistaken if this man does not in the course of a few years walk the course, and show the world how narrative poetry should be written. He has it in him, and genius cannot be kept under hatches. Passing over 'The Dog Guard,' a fearful picture, we come to 'The Amber Whale.' It is impossible to describe the intense interest that surrounds this dramatic description. A more exciting chase could hardly be conceived, and as we stand with bated breath, while the mate drives his lance home to the vitals, and the boats go hissing along in the wake of the wounded monster, we seem to behold the sea red with blood, and mark the flukes as they sweep the captain's boat into eternity. Here is a portion of the story:—

"Then we heard the captain's order, "Heave!" and saw the harpoon fly,
As the whales closed in with their open jaws: a shock, and a stifled cry
Was all that we heard; then we looked to see if the crew were still
afloat,—

But nothing was there save a dull red patch, and the boards of the shattered boat.

"But that was no time for mourning words: the other two boats came in,
And one got fast on the quarter, and one aft the starboard fin
Of the Amber Whale. For a minute he paused, as if he were in doubt
As to whether 'twas best to run or fight. "Lay on!" the mate roared
out,

"And I'll give him a lance!" The boat shot in; and the mate, when he
saw his chance

Of sending it home to the vitals, four times he buried his lance."

"We next come to 'The Dukite Snake,' a tale so simply told, so beautifully sad, that the heart goes out in pity to the poor young husband in his terrible grief. The Dukite Snake never goes alone. When one is killed the other will follow to the confines of the earth, but he will have revenge. Upon this fact the poet has wrought a picture so true and so dramatic that it almost chills the blood to read a tale so cruel and so life-like. . . . Among the remaining poems of length, we have 'The Fishermen of Wexford,' 'The Flying Dutchman,' and 'Uncle Ned's Tales.' All are good; but the last are

simply superb. We doubt if more vivid pictures of war were ever drawn. The incidents are detailed with such lifelike force, that to any one who had ever felt the enthusiastic frenzy of battle, they bring back the sounds of the shells and the shout of advancing columns. They are lifelike as the pages of Tacitus, and stir the blood to a fever heat of warlike enthusiasm. They are strains to make soldiers."

London Athenæum.

"MR. O'REILLY is the poet of a far land. He sings of Western Australia, that poorest and loveliest of all the Australias, which has received from the mother country only her shame and her crime. Mr. O'Reilly, in a short poem, speaks of the land as 'discovered ere the fitting time,' endowed with a peerless clime, but having birds that do not sing, flowers that give no scent, and trees that do not fructify. Scenes and incidents, however, known to the author, in this perfumeless and mute land, have been reproduced by him in a series of poems of much beauty. 'The King of the Vasse,' a legend of the bush, is a weird and deeply pathetic poem, admirable alike for its conception and execution."

Atlantic Monthly.

"In a modest, well-worded prelude, the poet says:—

"From that fair land and drear land in the South,
Of which through years I do not cease to think,
I brought a tale, learned not by word of mouth,
But formed by finding here one golden link
And there another; and with hands unskilled
For such fine work, but patient of all pain
For love of it, I sought therefrom to build
What might have been at first the goodly chain.

"It is not golden now: my craft knows more
Of working baser metal than of fine;
But to those fate-wrought rings of precious ore
I add these rugged iron links of mine."

"This is not claiming enough for himself, but the reader the more gladly does him justice because of his modesty, and perhaps it is this quality in the author which oftenest commends his book. 'The King of the Vasse' is the story of a child of the first Swedish emigrants to Australia, who lies dead in his mother's arms when they land. A native chief, coming with all his people to greet the strangers, touches the boy's forehead with a great pearl, which he keeps in a carven case or shrine, and the mighty magic of it calls him back to life, but with a savage soul, as his kindred believe; for he deserts them for the natives, over whom he

rules many years, inheriting and wearing the magic pearl. At last the young men of the tribe begin to question his authority, and one of them, with a spear-thrust, destroys the great pearl. Jacob Eibsen then seems repossessed by a white man's soul, and returns to the spot long since abandoned by his kindred, and finds it occupied by English settlers, whose children's simple, childlike playmate he becomes, and remains till death. The plot is good; and it is always managed with a sober simplicity, which forms an excellent ground for some strong dramatic effects. The Australian scenery and air and natural life are everywhere summoned round the story without being forced upon the reader. Here, for instance, is a picture at once vivid and intelligible, — which is not always the case with the vivid pictures of the word-painters. After the rains begin in that southern climate, —

“ ‘Earth throbs and heaves
With pregnant prescience of life and leaves;
The shadows darken 'neath the tall trees' screen.
While round their stems the rank and velvet green
Of undergrowth is deeper still; and there,
Within the double shade and steaming air,
The scarlet palm has fixed its noxious root,
And hangs the glorious poison of its fruit;
And there, 'mid shaded green and shaded light,
The steel-blue silent birds take rapid flight
From earth to tree and tree to earth; and there
The crimson-plumaged parrot cleaves the air
Like flying fire, and huge brown owls awake
To watch, far down, the stealing carpet-snake,
Fresh-skinned and glowing in his changing dyes,
With evil wisdom in the cruel eyes
That glint like gems as o'er his head flits by
The blue-black armor of the emperor-fly;
And all the humid earth displays its powers
Of prayer, with incense from the hearts of flowers
That load the air with beauty and with wine
Of mingled color. . .

“ ‘And high o'erhead is color: round and round
The towering gums and tuads, closely wound
Like cables, creep the climbers to the sun,
And over all the reaching branches run
And hang, and still send shoots that climb and wind
Till every arm and spray and leaf is twined,
And miles of trees, like brethren joined in love,
Are drawn and laced; while round them and above,
When all is knit, the creeper rests for days
As gathering might, and then one blinding blaze
Of very glory sends, in wealth and strength,
Of scarlet flowers o'er the forest's length!’

“There are deep springs of familiar feeling (as the mother's grief for the estrangement of her savage-hearted son) also touched in this poem, in which there is due artistic sense and enjoyment of the weirdness of the

motive; and, in short, we could imagine ourselves recurring more than once to the story, and liking it better and better. 'The Dog Guard' is the next best story in the book; — a horrible fact, treated with tragic realism, and skilfully kept from being merely horrible. . . . Some of the best poems in the book are the preludes to the stories."

Boston Advertiser.

"The first, and in many respects the best poem in the book, is 'The King of the Vasse,' which is a story of the very earliest settlement of Australia by Europeans, and before a convict settlement was established there. There is to it far greater care and finish than to any of the other long poems. In some parts it is weird and strange to a degree; in others it is pathetic, — everywhere it is simple, with a pleasant flow of rhythm, and closely true to nature. It is followed by 'The Dog Guard,' a poem which leaves an impression on the mind like Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' — a subject which, but for great skill in the treatment, would have been repulsive. As it stands in the book it shows eminent descriptive power, and a certain freedom and daring that lifts it far above the commonplace. Interspersed among the longer poems are short verses, which must answer the same purpose in the book as the organist's interludes, helping out the value of that which precedes, and that which follows. Some of these are more than excellent. They stand out as a peculiar feature of the book, adding to its completeness, as they will add to the poet's reputation. Preceding 'The Dog Guard' we have the following, which perhaps is as characteristic as any of the preludes. It will be seen that the burden of this, as indeed of the whole book, is Western Australia: —

" 'Nation of Sun and Sin,
Thy flowers and crimes are red,
And thy heart is sore within
While the glory crowns thy head.
Land of the songless birds,
What was thine ancient crime,
Burning through lapse of time
Like a prophet's cursing words?

" 'Aloes and myrrh and tears
Mix in thy bitter wine:
Drink, while the cup is thine
Drink, for the draught is sign
Of thy reign in coming years.'

"Mr. O'Reilly has done his work faithfully and well; he has given us in his book more than he promised us in the preface; and to-day, with his first poetical venture before the public, he has added another to the laurels he has already won in other fields."

New York Tribune.

"These songs are the most stirring tales of adventure imaginable, chiefly placed in Western Australia, a penal colony, which has 'received from the mother country only her shame and her crime.' The book is the very melodrama of poetry. . . . Mr. O'Reilly is a man whose career has been full of wild and varied adventure, and who has put these stirring scenes—all of which he saw, and part of which he was—into verse as spontaneous and unconventional as the life he describes. His rhymed tales are as exciting as ghost stories, and we have been reading them while the early sullen November night closed in, with something the same feeling, the queer shiver of breathless expectation, with which we used to listen to legends of ghosts and goblins by our grandmother's firelight. Not that the supernatural figures too largely in these tales,—the actors in them are far more formidable than any disembodied spirits. . . . 'The King of the Vasse' is a wonderful story, in which a dead child is raised to life by a pagan incantation and the touch of a mystic pearl on the face,—which will charm the lovers of the miraculous. 'The Amber Whale,' 'The Dog Guard,' and 'Haunted by Tigers,' are in the same vein with 'The Monster Diamond.' Thrilling tales all of them. 'Chunder Ali's Wife' is a charming little Oriental love story; a 'Legend of the Blessed Virgin' is full of tenderness and grace, for Mr. O'Reilly is both a Catholic and an Irishman; and I cannot close my extracts from his book more fittingly than with his heartfelt lines to his 'Native Land':—

" 'It chanced to me upon a time to sail
 Across the Southern Ocean to and fro;
 And, landing at fair isles, by stream and vale
 Of sensuous blessing did we oftentimes go.
 And months of dreamy joys, like joys in sleep,
 Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy stone,
 Unnoted passed our hearts with voiceless sweep,
 And left us yearning still for lands unknown.

" 'And when we found one, — for 'tis soon to find
 In thousand-isted Cathay another isle, —
 For one short noon its treasures filled the mind,
 And then again we yearned, and ceased to smile.
 And so it was, from isle to isle we passed,
 Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or lips;
 And when that all was tasted, then at last
 We thirsted still for draughts instead of sips.

" 'I learned from this there is no Southern land
 Can fill with love the hearts of Northern men.
 Sick minds need change; but, when in health they stand
 'Neath foreign skies their love flies home again.

And thus with me it was: the yearning turned
From laden airs of cinnamon away,
And stretched far westward, while the full heart burned
With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay!

“ ‘ My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
My land that has no peer in all the sea
For verdure, vale, or river, flower or leaf, —
If first to no man else, thou’rt first to me.
New loves may come with duties, but the first
Is deepest yet, — the mother’s breath and smiles :
Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed
Is my poor land, the Niebe of isles.’ ”

Mr. R. H. Stoddard, in Scribner’s Monthly.

“ ‘ The King of the Vasse,’ the opening poem in Mr. O’Reilly’s volume, is a remarkable one; and if the legend be the creation of Mr. O’Reilly, it places him high among the few really imaginative poets. . . . This, in brief, is the outline of the ‘ King of the Vasse.’ In it we could point out many faulty lines. William Morris could have spun off the verse more fluently, and Longfellow could have imparted to it his usual grace. Still, we are glad that it is not from them, but from Mr. O’Reilly, that we receive it. The story is simply and strongly told, and is imaginative and pathetic. It is certainly the most poetic poem in the volume, though by no means the most striking one. ‘ The Amber Whale ’ is more characteristic of Mr. O’Reilly’s genius, as ‘ The Dog Guard ’ and ‘ The Dukite Snake ’ are more characteristic of the region in which he is most at home. . . . He is as good a balladist as Walter Thornbury, who is the only other living poet who could have written ‘ The Old Dragoon’s Story.’ ”

Boston Gazette.

“ This is a volume of admirable poetry. The more ambitious poems in the book are in narrative form, and are terse and spirited in style, and full of dramatic power and effect. Mr. O’Reilly is both picturesque and epigrammatic, and writes with a manly straightforwardness that is very attractive. . . . Of the sickly sentimentality that forms the groundwork of so much of our modern poetry, not a trace is to be found in this book. The tone throughout is healthy, earnest, and pure. There is also an independence and originality of thought and treatment that are very striking, and which prove not the least attractive features of the book. Some of the stories are conceived with unusual power, and are developed with scarcely less effect and skill.”

Boston Times.

"Some reminiscences of his romantic life, the poet has woven into the verses that fill this volume. Very grim reminiscences they are, of crime and death and horrors dire; but they represent faithfully, we have no doubt, the society, or rather savagery, of those far and fearsome lands. Most of the poems are stories, sombre in substance, but told with a vehement vigor that is singularly harmonious with their themes. The opening poem, 'The King of the Vasse,' preserves a strange and pathetic legend, which the poet has wrought into a powerful, but most painful story. His imagination revels in pictures of weird desolation and the repulsive and appalling prodigies of animal and vegetable life in the tropic world; and the effect of these presented in quick succession, and varied only by episodes of human sin or suffering, is positively depressing. Such passages as this abound in the poem:—

" 'In that strange country's heart, whence comes the breath
Of hot disease and pestilential death,
Lie leagues of wooded swamp, that from the hills
Seem stretching meadows; but the flood that fills
These valley basins has the hue of ink
And dismal doorways open on the brink,
Beneath the gnarled arms of trees that grow
All leafless to the top, from roots below
The Lethe flood; and he who enters there
Beneath this screen sees rising, ghastly bare,
Like mammoth bones within a charnel dark,
The white and ragged stems of paper-bark,
That drip down moisture with a ceaseless drip,—
With lines that run like cordage of a ship;
For myriad creepers struggle to the light,
And twine and meet o'erhead in murderous fight
For life and sunshine. . . .

" 'Between the water and the matted screen,
The bald-head vultures, two and two, are seen
In dismal grandeur, with revolting face
Of foul grotesque, like spirits of the place;
And now and then a spear-shaped wave goes by,
Its apex glittering with an evil eye
That sets above its enemy and prey
As from the wave in treacherous, slimy way
The black snake winds, and strikes the bestial bird,
Whose shriek-like wailing on the hills is heard.'

"The 'Dog Guard' is a tale of horrors. 'The Amber Whale' and 'Haunted by Tigers' are founded on whaling incidents, and the latter, especially, is eloquent with the woe of tragedy. There are a few poems in the volume written in a lighter mood. 'Uncle Ned's Tale' is a very spirited tale of battle. 'The Fishermen of Wexford' is one of the best pieces in the collection—almost severe in its simple realism, but tenderly

pathetic. We have rarely seen a first volume of poems so rich in promise as is this. It is singularly free from the faults of most early poems, and exhibits a maturity of thought and a sober strength of style that would do credit to any of our older poets."

Boston Commercial Bulletin.

"His descriptive powers are remarkably strong and vivid, and his imagination powerful and vigorous. Yet it is evident from a glance at the minor poems of 'Golu,' and my 'Mother's Memory,' that the author has an imagination that will not desert him on brighter and more graceful flights of fancy. Altogether the volume is one of much more than ordinary originality and excellence."

Worcester Palladium.

"He shows originality and good descriptive power, and he treats his subjects *con amore*. . . . The author had the very best reason in the world for writing this collection, and a second volume will be awaited with reason; for strong points are displayed, and a person who writes because his heart wills it, sooner or later wins the heart of the public."

Bangor Whig.

"There is no one of the poems the book contains that has not running through it a sort of realism that at once takes possession of the reader's mind, and he looks upon it, as it were, as an actual event."

Mr. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr) in The Catholic Review.

"Judged in all the phases of his talent presented by this book, Mr. O'Reilly is unquestionably a man of true poetic verve and temperament, with too much reverence for the noble gift of song to sophisticate it with mawkish affectations or conceited verbal ingenuities. No obscure line patches his page; no fantastic mannerism accentuates his style; no pretendedly metaphysical abstraction egotizes what he thinks worthy of gift to mankind."

Utica Herald.

"In the leading poem of Mr. O'Reilly's collection, entitled 'The King of the Vasse,' there are novelties of scene and legend which alone claim the attention. . . . The poem is in many respects a wonderful one, and contains many subtleties of thought and expression, which it is impossible to reproduce in scanty extract."

Literary World, Boston.

... "Mr. O'Reilly unquestionably possesses poetical talent of a high and rare order. He excels in dramatic narrative, to which his natural intensity of feeling lends a peculiar force. His verse is sometimes careless, and often lacks finish; but writers are few, nowadays, who have a better capital in heart or hand for successful poetical work than that which is evidenced in this volume."

New York Independent.

"The first and longest poem in this book, 'The King of the Vasse,' introduces us into a new country, and proves that the author's dreary Australian experiences were a gain to literature. . . . 'The Dog Guard' and 'The Amber Whale' are even better, the first being an addition of real value to our literature. Throughout the lesser poems which compose the remainder of the volume, there is such an evenness of excellence as to give good proof that the author need not confine himself to narrative poetry in order to claim an honorable place in our literature."

Chicago Times.

"This book is a striking instance that 'you find poetry nowhere unless you bring some with you.' The thousands of despairing wretches who have toiled in the chain-gangs as Mr. O'Reilly did, saw no poems in the soil which seemed to give them back the impress only of the British arrow cut on the sole of their convict shoes. But the radiant imagination and tender heart of the patriot felon found poetry on every side of him, and in his hands the driest stick becomes an Aaron's rod, and buds and blossoms. The most delightful portion of the book is its Australian legends. These reveal extraordinary dramatic power, and their rhythmical construction is perfect. Unique and incomparable, they will keep a permanent place in literature, and the romance of their origin and authorship will scarcely add anything to their beauty and completeness as poems. . . . 'Modern poets put a great deal of water in their ink,' says Goethe. O'Reilly's ink contains just water enough to keep the fluid from becoming thick. It flows like a limpid stream, flecked with clouds and sunlight, and here and there tossing with so much force into fissures of Australian rocks as to send up glittering, snowy showers of spray. O'Reilly is undoubtedly destined to reach a high place as an English poet. He is now a very young man."

Christian Era.

"As a poet, his writings have called forth admiration, and as an editor, he is worthy of great praise."

Mr. E. P. Whipple, in the Boston Globe.

"The Boston editors can boast of having a poet in their ranks, and they should naturally cherish him. . . . More than half his volume is devoted to what he saw, felt, collected, and imagined during a forced sojourn in Australia. The remaining portion consists of occasional poems, very tender, fanciful, earnest, individual, and manly, claiming nothing which they do not win by their own inherent force, grace, melody, and 'sweet reasonableness,' or it may be at times their passionate unreasonableness. Nobody can read the volume without being drawn to its author. He is so thoroughly honest and sincere that he insists that his imaginations are but memories."

New York Evening Mail.

"Most of the songs are stories of the bush or of the sea, and, strangely, the subjects are almost without exception, illustrations of the awful surety of the punishment that lays in wait for the sin of him whom men harm not—the key of Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner.' It is almost the old Greek Fate that stalks through these tales of outlawry and wrong, and if they be indeed the legends of a convict land, they are themselves a strange showing of how crime haunts and hunts the soul. . . . Mr. O'Reilly has the natural gift of telling a story capitally, and all these tales in verse are interesting as well as powerful. He has other qualifications also as a poet; his Australian landscapes are drawn with fine artistic skill, and testify to their own truth, and about some of his pictures there is a weirdness that touches on the supernatural."

Boston Post.

"Of the author's genius in poetry the public are so well aware, through his fugitive pieces, that no commendation is necessary. His style is vigorous and manly, and combines a delicacy of sentiment with clearness of thought and vivacity of imagery. Most of these poems have a peculiar interest, from the fact that they are of a narrative form, 'relics of an unknown sphere,' of the writer's personal experience and adventure in Australia. They are uneven in merit, but by far the greater number have already taken a permanent place among the living poems of the day."

Danbury News.

"His poems, aside from their intrinsic merit and romantic interest, are worth close study, as examples of the effects produced upon the mind of a prisoner by the wild luxuriance and fantastic forms which nature assumes in Australia."

New York Tablet.

"The 'Amber Whale,' 'Dog Guard,' and 'Monster Diamond,' are among the best known of his longer poems, and they have already taken their place amongst the best narrative poems of the age. . . . We hail with very great pleasure this first collection of Mr. O'Reilly's poems, which we hope will meet with the kindly welcome it deserves from all lovers of ballad poetry."

Cincinnati Times.

"Amid the frantic strivings of modern poets to obtain a reputation for originality by wild mouthings, odd, strange, and revolting conceits, by soaring toward the empyrian, and diving into the infinite, by a false mysticism and luxuriance of verbiage, covering a poverty of ideas, it is refreshing to find one poet who is content to be original within the domain of common sense; who courts the muses, not with the freedom of a literary libertine, but modestly, yet with true poetic ardor. . . . In view of all this we take it as a most encouraging thing that such a book of poetry as 'Songs from the Southern Seas' is published, and still more encouraging its evident approval by critics and acceptableness to the public. In some of the poems, notably in 'The King of the Vasse,' there are traces of the influence of Wm. Morris, and Mr. O'Reilly could not be influenced from a sweeter, purer source; in narrative passages there is evidence of a study of Scott, and the poet could not study in this department a better model; in the war lyrics there is an evident following of the style of Macaulay, and a singer of more stirring battle-songs never lived; but throughout the book there is hardly a trace of Swinburne or the Swinburnian school. The poems are strong, earnest, and the offspring of genuine emotion. . . . Mr. O'Reilly's war lyrics, under the title of 'Uncle Ned's Tales,' are the most spirited that have been produced for a long time. They have all the ring and fire of Macaulay; they stir one's blood like the neigh of a war-horse or the blast of a bugle."

Hartford Post.

"Some of the short poems are full of thoughtful earnestness and the true poet's yearning tenderness, while seldom have more stirring lines told tales of war than those of 'Uncle Ned's Stories.' "

San Francisco Monitor.

"The volume now before us contains 'The King of the Vasse,' 'The Dog Guard,' 'The Amber Whale,' and a number of minor pieces, all of which are marked by much dramatic power and beauty of imagery, showing him to be a poet in the truest sense of the word."

Irish American.

"Originality, whether of ideas, construction, or of subjects, is the principal something invariable sought for, and but seldom found, in the generation of 'poets' with which this era of ours is so lavishly supplied. In the volume before us, however, this essential poetic quality is so strikingly manifest, that, in recognition of it, we must assign Mr. O'Reilly a very high place among the few who, in our day, write readable and meritorious verse. But this is not the only feature in Mr. O'Reilly's muse worthy of remark; the vigor of his lines, the aptness of his similes, the effectiveness of his clinaxes,—all testify to the existence in the author of that true poetic disposition, which is ever inborn, and never acquired. To those who may be sceptical of our judgment, we say, read the 'Songs from the Southern Seas,' and realize the pleasure they are calculated to afford even the most critical."

Detroit Post.

"They are evidently not fictions, but faithful transcripts of his own feelings; the imagery is not stolen or borrowed, but original."

Hartford Courant.

"The volume not only contains a great deal of vigorous and interesting poetry, but it gives excellent promise for the future."

Albany Journal.

"For wild adventure and thrilling experience they will compare with the most weird and exciting legends."

Dublin Nation.

"The narratives themselves are interesting; they have usually a tragic turn, and are worked out with no small degree of skill. . . . Some of the word-pictures of Australian scenery are exceedingly realistic and vivid. . . . Some of the minor poems in this book afford much better indications of the poetic capacities of the author; and the effect of the entire volume is to lead us to believe that he has within him powers which will enable him to rise far above the mark to which he has here attained."

Lawrence American.

"There is a vein of fire and earnestness, a glow of enthusiasm, that cannot but attract to the writer, and win no slight admiration for his genius; and his countrymen will especially be pleased with the graceful volume."

Catholic Record of Philadelphia.

"It has seldom been our good fortune to discover a volume of verses in which the realistic and poetic elements were so powerfully and ably combined. Mr. O'Reilly selects his themes from among scenes and characters which would naturally be supposed to be the least congenial to the muse of song, for Erato is not usually considered at home among Nantucket tars on New Bedford whaling-ships, in Australian penal colonies, or the after-dark pranks of shameless youngsters. The luxurious arcades and flowering groves of the tropics may, indeed, be for a time her abode, and she may not disdain to occasionally bathe in the sparkling waters of sunny Southern seas, but we will stake our character for penetration on the assertion that Mr. O'Reilly is a handsome Irishman from the vicinity of Blarney Castle, for he has so completely fascinated her that she follows him with her most favoring smiles wherever or whenever he bids her presence. She is beside him in the murderer's secluded shelter; she rides with him on the storm-winds that whistle around the Horn; she sits beside him in the agonizing cruise when the wounded amber whale drags his boat through the mighty Southern spray; she perches on an oil barrel on New Bedford's wharves, or peeps with him through the windows of a New-England meeting-house. Wherever he lists, she lets him sing, — sing the tenderest of songs, — the manliest of tones."

MOONDYNE:

A STORY FROM THE UNDER-WORLD.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Pilot Publishing Co., Boston.

Post-free for \$1.50.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the New York Sun.

"Regarded merely with a view to its artistic merits, this is a narrative which no lover of novels should neglect to read. Whether we look to the strange and impressive nature of the scenery portrayed, and the abnormal conditions of life studied—to the novelty of incident and the skilful construction of plot, or to the vigorous strokes by which the persons of the tale are made to stand forth from the canvas—we cannot fail to recognize in this work a strong and captivating performance. . . . We do not know whether the author, as a matter of fact, has visited the penal colony in West Australia, or has made a study of British prisons, but certainly his account of convict life under these diverse conditions bears the marks of authenticity. What is more to our immediate purpose, his analysis of the principles which lie at the roots of the systems of confinement and transportation, is profound and fruitful, and his practical suggestions, enforced, as they are, by the experience of penal settlements, where, after a certain period of probation, the outlaws and the victims of a highly-organized society are suffered to begin life anew, deserve to be closely scanned and maturely pondered. . . . Such are some of the problems forced upon the reader's attention by this remarkable book, but which are rather hinted than expounded—not so much dissected by argument as commended to our sympathies by the poignant spectacle of suffering and the winning accent of conviction. The author seldom overlooks the limitations of his artistic purpose, and the thread of his story may be followed with eagerness by those who would hear with indifference the teaching of the student and the philanthropist."

From the Chicago Times.

"*Moondyne* is remarkable in more respects than one. It has plot enough for half-a-dozen strong romances; it is written with crispness and simplicity, and in pure and nervous English; its morality is orthodox; its scene and characters are wholly novel and unique, and the interest is keenly—even painfully—sustained, . . . and no one can read *Moondyne* without loving virtue more, pitying distress, abhorring injustice, and detesting vice. It is one of the few American novels which, while intensely romantic, is lofty in its aim, eloquent and noble in its argument, and healthy and refining in its effect. It is characterized throughout by the highest dramatic intuition, and ought to find its way speedily to the boards."

From the New Orleans Morning Star and Catholic Visitor.

"This fine novel is really a treat, refined in diction, high-toned in sentiment, and instructive in details. There is no religious controversy in its pages, no tedious theological arguments in the fabric of its story, but the whole book affords its readers only pleasure and profit. The spirit which animates the work is that of philanthropy, and the dedication, 'To all who are in prison, for whatever cause,' gives the clew to the object of the writer. The characters are well drawn, although we think the hero is overdrawn—that is, he is too perfect—but as a model to youth, the exemplar must be, as far as possible, faultless. The interest of the story is splendidly sustained, and the life of '*Moondyne*' is thrilling, grand, and beautiful. The lessons conveyed are very noble, and we think this expression in the mouth of Mr. Wyville, under the attendant circumstances, is the one grand lesson of the book, '*Authority must never forget humanity.*' We would like to quote several passages from the book, which for strength and pathos approach very near to the sublime—but we can only name the many striking points, and leave to the reader the pleasure of reading them in full."

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

"Mr. O'Reilly has made a wonderful story of the convict-labor in Australia. The whole tale is on as magnificent a scale as Dumas' *Monte Cristo*, and more lofty in aim and sentiment. The vast natural wealth and bewildering beauty of the country, are made the mere setting for a group of men, who answer every demand of heroism, and for two sweet women. The villain is as bad as the heroes are good; through the whole book the interest never flags, the enthusiasm never cools, the intense dramatic and emotional

power never breaks. With the same glowing ardor the eloquent author tells of superhuman courage, hair-breadth escapes, experiences in the bush, and in the convict-gangs, discusses the penal code of Australia, the responsibility of England, the abstract principles of liberty and the rights of man, the origin of crime and the deepest and most tender love of man and woman. The rapid and high-wrought fiction of the story is enhanced by the rush and color of the style and the air of reality that is given to the most romantic incidents and to the wildest horrors. *Moondyne*, the title of the book, means something more than manly or kingly, and although it is applied especially to the chief god-like hero, it belongs properly to the whole group of men who are represented as lifting Australia from sin and darkness into virtue and glory by the greatness of their own souls, the strength of their own wills, and their own passion of unselfishness. And all through this gorgeous fabric runs the thread of faith in man, faith in the root of good to be found even in the worst of convicts, and in the law of kindness and encouragement, to replace in all penal colonies the law of force. Mr. O'Reilly dedicates his book 'to all who are in prison for whatever cause.' And prisoners never had a more gallant and chivalrous champion."

From the Woman's Journal.

"This book is no ordinary romance. It is the work of a man of genius, who writes a descriptive story, largely based upon his own observation and experience, colored by his own feelings, and reflecting his own opinions, aspirations, and prejudices. It could only have been written by John Boyle O'Reilly, a genuine poet and philanthropist, but also an American Catholic Irishman, an escaped Australian convict, exiled by the British Government for his participation in the Fenian insurrection. From such a man, with such an experience, it would be unfair to expect an exact picture of English or Australian life; but it is natural to expect a graphic transcript of an exceptional experience, all the more valuable because exceptional, and the more vivid because a record of scenes of which he has been an eye-witness. Australian scenery is reproduced with a wealth of word-painting which few living writers could equal. The horrible life of a penal colony is portrayed with admirable distinctness. The national and religious feelings of the writer are carefully kept in the background, and there is an evident intention of fairness all through the book."

From the Boston Traveller.

"Mr. O'Reilly has produced a strong and vigorous romance, in striking contrast with the namby-pamby literature of late offered to the public as

exemplars of 'the great American novel.' The character of 'Moondyne' is among the noblest ever conceived by any novelist, and he who cannot read this story without attaining to a loftier inspiration toward a nobler life, who cannot sympathize with the sorrows of the sinning and down-trodden, who cannot lay it aside with a resolution to make his own life more useful and better,—such an one must be blind indeed. The author's style is not among the least attractive features of the book. Strong, yet graceful, with a certain *verve* which is delightfully invigorating, whether in giving those inimitable character sketches which mark the volume in question, or in depicting to the mind of the reader the wildness and beauty of Australian scenery, Mr. O'Reilly is equally at home. We trust that *Moondyne* will not be the last novel from his pen."

From the London Bookseller.

"A powerful and fascinating tale, illustrating different systems of treatment adopted towards criminal convicts. The story belongs to the time when Western Australia was a penal settlement, governed by laws of Draconic severity. The regulations of our prisons at home were far from satisfactory, as was proved by their frequent changes, none of which long recommended themselves to practical men. Like Jean Valjean in Victor Hugo's story, the hero of the tale under notice was a convict, who, by a turn of the wheel, rose to a position of trust, and distinguished himself as a philanthropist, and a reformer of the present system. No one who begins the story will be able to stop till it is finished."

From the Worcester Spy.

"This is a novel of harrowing and exciting description, brilliantly written, but almost too painful to allow enjoyment in the reading."

From the Boston Journal.

"There is power in the book, and pathos, and passion of a noble sort; and there is an abundance of exciting incidents and some bits of stirring and graphic description. The most jaded novel reader will find that there is something more than commonly fresh and inspiring about the story. If there are some faults of construction, and a little lack of symmetry, these are more than atoned for by the virile strength and intensity which hold the reader to the end."

From the New York Graphic.

"This brilliant and picturesque fiction obtained, as it deserved, an immediate recognition of its power and originality, and added greatly to the already enviable reputation of its versatile and gifted author. In the form in which it now appears, with its large, clear type and its attractive pages, it will increase its circle of readers, and consequently its popularity. The book is one that amply rewards the reading, not only for the fire and vigor of its style, but for the dramatic interest and the unconventionality of its plot."

From the Boston Herald.

"As a novel, we cannot but regret that the ending is so tragic, but we do not regard this volume as simply a novel. From beginning to end it is a satire upon British institutions, and we have seen nothing to surpass it since Bulwer's novel of *Paul Clifford*, where, under the guise of a love story, the author demonstrated that the prison system of England was an encouragement to crime, and that "the worst use you could put a man to was to hang him." Mr. O'Reilly's book has been favorably noticed in most of the leading journals of the country, but the Catholic newspapers criticise it very sharply, although they profess great respect for the author, and to love him sincerely. Mr. O'Reilly is not only a man of talent, but one of real genius. He is in the prime of life, and is abundantly able to take care of himself. He has written some of the best lyric poetry in the language, and although his first novel is not faultless, he has no occasion to be disturbed by any of the flies, gnats, or other dipterous insects which buzz about him."

From the Boston Post.

"Its originality is a special charm. It is full of manliness and virile power, and yet abounding in gentleness and pathos."

From the London Saturday Review.

"*Moondyne* is a really clever and graphic story of Australian life."

From the Golden Rule.

"The story is powerfully written. There is little scenic description, but Mr. O'Reilly shows a keen analysis of motives and character, and there is an imaginative glow and color suffused through the book which only the

poet could impart. The book is entirely without a harlequin. There is less wit than the American reader might expect; but the interest of the story never flags, and we feel that it was omitted, not because the writer could not command it, but because he had a greater joy and confidence in the higher and more serious purposes of his book."

From the Irish World.

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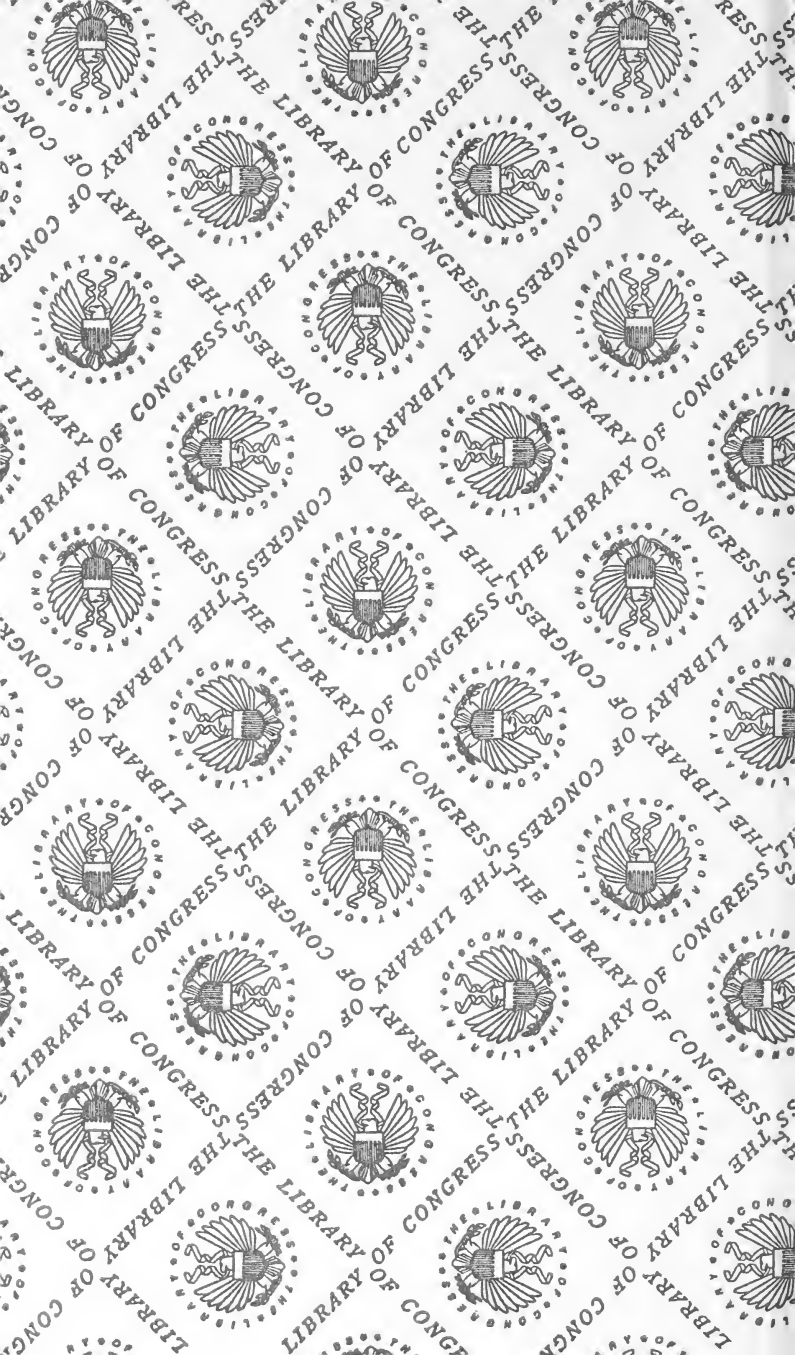
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